

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

IN THIS ISSUE:

Dreams

By Enid Dinnis

"Whether or Not Convicted"

By James R. Ryan

Catholics and the Mass

By Anthony M. Benedik, D. D.

Lourdes

By Gabriel Francis Powers

With the Passionists in China

Vol. 4, No. 9

APRIL, 1925

Price 20 Cents



An Ideal Gift Book

"The Life of Christ"

In Text and Pictures

The Book will be sent to you with the understanding that at the end of five days you may return it. But you'll be so pleased with it that you won't return it.

Price only \$1.50

Order now from

THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

Holy Cross Academy Washington, D. C.

Ideal Boarding School for Girls—Separate Department for little girls. Modernly equipped, fireproof building beautifully and healthily located on Dumbarton Heights, overlooking the National Capitol. Solid and refined education with the broadening influence of living in the political and social center of the United States.

Standard and Elective Courses.—Elementary, Commercial, Academic and Advanced Departments. Highest Facilities in Voice, Piano, Harp, Violin, Drawing, Painting and Languages, Art of Expression, Physical Culture, and Home Economics. Extensive grounds offer ample space for Archery, Tennis, Basketball and other outdoor sports. Under care of Chaperones students enjoy sightseeing excursions and visits to public buildings and sessions of Congress. Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mount St. Andrew

In the Ramapo Hills

Ridgewood, New Jersey

Vacation Rest House and Health
Resort

OPEN ALL YEAR

ADDRESS:

Sister Superior

ST. GABRIEL

Passionist

By Father Camillus, C. P.

This is the latest and best life of the red-blooded boy who became a great saint.

The reading of it will furnish entertainment, edification and encouragement.

It will do much to bring St. Gabriel into his own as a miracle-worker and popular patron.

Paper-binding \$0.50

Cloth-binding 1.50

Order Your Copy To-day

Address:

THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

THE LIFE OF GEMMA GALGANI

(Born 1878. Died 1903)

A touching story, beautifully written, of a Child of the Sacred Passion.

By REV. PHILIP COGHLAN, C. P.

Price, postpaid, 60 cents.

Address: **THE SIGN,**

West Hoboken, N. J.

The Sisters of St. Francis
at

LADYCLIFF-ON-HUDSON

conduct an Academic High School and a Preparatory College. Also St. Joseph's Home, an institution for poor children at Peekskill, N. Y. Young ladies desiring to consecrate their lives to God in the cause of Christian education or in caring for neglected little ones, communicate with:

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR

Mt. St. Francis, Peekskill, N. Y.

MOUNT DE SALES

Academy of the Visitation

Etab. 1852 by Sisters of Visitation

Music, Language and Art Courses College—Preparatory and elective—Commodious buildings. Beautiful grounds. Homelike environment. Outdoor recreation. Catalogue on request. Address The Directress, Catonsville, Maryland.

College of Saint Elizabeth

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

(P. O. Address, Convent Station)

A Catholic college for women registered by the New York State University and the New Jersey, and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Bachelor degree in arts, letters science and music.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT—SAINT ELIZABETH ACADEMY

Academy of the Sacred Heart

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments conducted by the Sisters of Charity, Convent Station, New Jersey

STUDENTS PREPARED FOR COLLEGE AND TRAINING SCHOOL

We have a copy of "THE LIFE OF CHRIST" waiting for you. Price, \$1.50. Send for your copy to:

THE SIGN

West Hoboken, N. J.

AMERICA'S FIRST Rosary Pilgrimage Center

ROSARY SHRINE
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

PUBLIC PILGRIMAGES

the first Sunday of every Month preceded by a SOLEMN NOVENA for all intentions sent or placed in petition box at the Shrine, also for all those who make the Pilgrimage.

MASS

on Pilgrimage Sundays for the intentions of the PILGRIMS. Arrangements can be made for private pilgrimages and other information obtained by writing to

The Dominican Sisters
ROSARY SHRINE
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

The Cancerous Poor

Who Are Incurable
are offered a Home
Free of Charge
by the

Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer

at the Mother House
of the Congregation of St.
Rose of Lima

Rosary Hill Home

Hawthorn,
Westchester Co., N. Y.

and

ST. ROSE'S FREE HOME

71 Jackson St., New York City

This Charity Is Supported En-
tirely by Donations From
the Public



CONTENTS, APRIL, 1925

Current Fact and Comment.....	353
Easter—The Movement for Religious In- struction—Dies Illa and The Sign—Safe Bonds—The Example of Conrad—Short Weight and Good Works—Wierd Allies— Co-operation and Consistency—A Paulist Broadcasting Station.	
Lourdes	357
By Gabriel Francis Powers	
Religious Unity.....	361
A Bishop and A Despot.....	362
By Carlo Salotti	
Categorica	365
Edited by N. M. Law	
Dreams	367
By Enid Dinnis	
The Supereminent Knowledge.....	370
By Francis Shea, C. P.	
Catholics and the Mass.....	373
By Anthony M. Benedik, D. D.	
At the Fourteenth Station.....	374
By Vaughn Devlin	
"Whether or Not Convicted".....	375
By James R. Ryan	
Sacerdos in Aeternum!.....	376
By Alphonse M. Richert	
The Sign Post.....	377
Martin's Impressions.....	379
By Violet O'Connor	
Week-End Retreats for Laymen.....	383
By C. P. Williams	
The Appeal of Jesus Crucified.....	385
Our Junior Readers.....	387
With the Passionists in China.....	389
Index to Worthwhile Books.....	395

The Sign is published monthly at West Hoboken, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.25 per year, Foreign, \$2.50 per year. Western Office: The Sign, Norwood Park, Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be type-written, and accompanied by return postage. Available Mss. will be paid for on acceptance.

Subscriptions, Advertising, and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, or Change of Address should be sent in two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should always be given.

Entered as second Class Matter September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at West Hoboken, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted, 1924.

Paris

If you are going to Rome for the Holy Year, 1925, you surely will visit Paris.

St. Joseph's Church 50 Avenue Hoche

is the ONLY American-English Catholic Church in the city for English-speaking residents and tourists.

Masses on
Sundays and Wednesdays
at convenient hours

Confessions and Sermons
in English

REV. FATHER McDARBY,
Pastor

ROSARIES

A Rosary is always an appropriate gift. Pearl and Silver never go out of style.

No. 1

A beautiful Teresian Pearl Rosary, strung on silver or gold chain, with artistic pearl crucifix—\$10.00.

No. 2

Large Sterling Silver Rosary with hand-cut crucifix—\$7.50.

No. 3

Medium sized Sterling Silver Rosary with oxidized crucifix—\$5.00.

No. 4

Corrugated Sterling Silver Rosary, oxidized crucifix—\$4.00.

Edward O'Toole Co., Inc.

24 Barclay St.
New York, N. Y.

Money should accompany order. It will cheerfully be refunded if purchaser is not satisfied with the Rosary.

From the Mount in Galilee

Comes Christ's Great Missionary Command

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

This month we commemorate the greatest fact in all history—the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead.

It is a fact so well proven by the consistent and unanimous testimony of eye witnesses that it cannot be questioned by anyone who has the slightest regard for the authority of Christian writings.

It is a fact of such tremendous importance that the whole stupendous fabric of the Catholic Church has been built upon it: "And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your Faith is also vain."

The Resurrection was, moreover, Christ's personal triumph. How did He use it? The moment of triumph is usually the test moment of a man's character. Men are humble when they have no means of aggression or defense. They are haughty and desire revenge when circumstances combine in their favor.

How Christ used His triumph is told us by St. Matthew in describing the meeting of the eleven Apostles with their Master on the mountain in Galilee—"they worshipped Him, but some doubted."

His first word to them was: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth...." How will such an announcement be finished? The "power" might express itself in forms of vengeance, in the overthrow of the Roman rule, in the extinction of Christ's enemies.

But not so. Having asserted His possession of all power, Christ adds: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

In the giving of this commission, our Lord shows us the right use of our own power. It is to be used educationally for the benefit of others. "Go ye, therefore, and teach."

No man is free, according to Christ's law, to turn his power to merely personal or selfish uses. The measure of a man's power is the measure of his obligation to educate society, and to educate it in the teachings of Christ.

A man's power may be intellectual, commercial, social; that is to say, he may have great thinking powers, or money resources, or influence in society. But whatever the nature of his power, a man must use it for others. He must give! "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you," says St. Paul.

How comprehensive is Christ's commission! Standing with eleven poor and unlettered men on a mountain in Galilee, Jesus Christ turns the world into a great school and appoints its teachers. He refers to no difficulties. He never provides for surrender or defeat. He describes no boundaries. He speaks of the world as a unit. It is the school. All nations are the scholars. His Gospel is the subject of every teacher.

Christ's commission, my Friends, is not limited to the original Apostles. To you and me is given the command to preach the Gospel in whatever way we can and to preach it to all nations!

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.F.

Current Fact and Comment

Easter

FOR us Easter is a symbol of triumph. It brings assurance, it stirs to exultation as we behold Christ issuing from the throes of His Passion and leading Captivity captive.

Consider how the first Easter dawn failed to scatter the shadows of disaster for the Apostles. They were a dazed and dejected group; the Gospel sets them in unfavorable contrast to the devout women wending their way *valde mane*, at break of day, to the tomb "that they might anoint the Body of the Lord."

But in a few hours the Master would put an end to their confusion, especially through the rectifying process of humility. "O foolish and slow of heart to believe!"

Then followed the brief forty days of peace and tender confidence, of preparation and confirmation, and the injunction to go forth and preach to all nations, heeding neither shame nor suffering nor persecution for His Name's sake. "And they went forth rejoicing."

Give voice to your emotion in the glad Alleluia but be calmly aware that the conflict is still before you. Christ does not yet usher us into eternal glory. But we have the pledge of His pardon and of His support in the dreary hours when He will seem silent and withdrawn and temptation urges and false prophets assail. In this is the abiding joy of Easter, to know that He stands by while we falter in the rough places and grope through the shadows.

The Movement for Religious Instruction

ALARMING evidence is daily presented confirming the conviction that the public schools are inadequate duly to fit the rising generation for membership in the commonwealth or to arm the

young for personal conflict with temptation. Now that the movement for daily religious instruction is under way in the metropolis, inaugurated under Catholic, Protestant and Jewish auspices, it is desirable that the plan be considered and adopted with renewed vigor and interest throughout the country. Since Protestant children are chiefly concerned, those responsible for them may well find inspiration in these significant words of one of their own divines:

Let the loving Savior have our children. Let there be no waiting for maturer years. Maturity may bring the impaired faculty and the embittered emotion. Let Him have things in their beginnings, the seeds and the sapplings. Let Him have life before it is formed, before it is "set" in foolish moulds. Let us consecrate the cradle, and the good Lord will grow and nourish His Saints.

Dies Illa and The Sign

PROPOS of the periodical forecasting of doomsday we are reminded of a familiar scene on the Mount of Olives when the disciples revealed a like curiosity as they asked our Lord, "Tell us, when shall these things be?" They were promptly warned, "Take heed lest any man deceive you." Some clues were vouchsafed, on that occasion, of the "beginning of sorrows," perhaps the most interesting being, "Unto all nations the Gospel must first be preached."

Instead of associating the day of judgment with the wrath of God, we might usefully contemplate it in the light of that sign. We might look over the world and consider to what extent that sign approaches realization. Or, more useful still, we might look into ourselves and judge whether that Gospel has transformed and prepared us, remembering that, as far as we are personally concerned, the General Judgment will simply bring a confirmation of the status established for us eternally at our particular judgment.

THE † SIGN

Further, we should not look upon the universal preaching of the Gospel solely as a sign of the end of the world, but rather as God's merciful means of preparing all mankind fearlessly to present themselves at the judgment. Such a view inspires those whose zeal and love for souls urges them to carry that message to every tribe and nation sitting in the darkness of sin and ignorance. We must study the content of the Gospel message in order to learn how it accomplishes its merciful purpose. Its most powerful appeal is that Christ died on the Cross to save all men. Thus the Apostle, St. Paul, "for I delivered to you first of all that Christ died for our sins." Christ will bear His Cross as a standard at the judgment and thus the same Apostle calls it a glory or a stumbling-block.

We should set ourselves in the right attitude toward the Cross of Christ as we approach the end of life and the end of time. And we should admire and support those apostles in pagan lands unselfishly engaged in making large the "first of Christ." "But every one in his own order: the first fruits of Christ, then they that are of Christ, who have believed in His coming. Afterwards the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God the Father, when He shall have brought to nought all principality and power."

Safe Bonds

THEIR patriotic participation in the purchase of liberty bonds was probably the occasion whereby many of our readers familiarized themselves with bonds as a safe and profitable sort of investment. Knowledge was thereby acquired as to the relative security of various classes of bonds, mortgage, equipment, debenture, etc. "Assured Income Bonds" is a caption referring to a form of security issued by the American Sunday School Union. The organization pays interest regularly to the holder during his lifetime and thereafter continues to apply the principle to its specific religious work. How popular and efficient is this form of investment we learn from the remarkable statement that this organization was enabled during the past year to establish 1,006 new schools. Twenty-nine churches of various denominations grew out of the Union schools and sixteen houses of worship were erected.

This is not a new idea. Catholic missionary bodies have adopted it as an attractive means of soliciting coöperation and support.

This method of coöperation should appeal to those who find themselves in possession of ample wealth and with no obligation in justice or charity to particular heirs or legatees. And if there be

any such whose faith should inspire them thus to coöperate for all time in the support of our missionaries, either in training or in the field, we should be glad to have them communicate with us.

The Example of Conrad

BECAUSE Joseph Conrad did not intrude his religion into his admirable tales few thought of him as a Catholic, and there was general surprise that he should be buried from a Catholic church. Further examination of his literary works revealed that it was idle to hail him as a great Catholic novelist and that, if we were to claim him at all, it was best as a professed Catholic whose religion, in which he was baptized and which he never renounced, was not the direct inspiration of his incomparable tales of the sea.

The mystery that enveloped his real attitude toward the Catholic religion is dispelled by A. Hilliard Atteridge writing in *Columbia*:

Conrad made his home in England at the village of Bishopsbourne in Kent. It stands in beautiful surroundings on the long slopes that rise to the heights of Barham Downs. Its church, built in the days when all England was Catholic, has been in Protestant hands for three and a half centuries, and there is no Catholic church nearer than Canterbury, five miles away....

Conrad, so far as is known, never visited the church at Canterbury, or came in touch with its clergy. He was ill for some time before his death, but apparently did not realize that it was a serious illness. As often happens in such cases the end came suddenly.

A message was sent to the parish priest at Canterbury, but when he reached Bishopsbourne, Conrad had been dead for more than an hour. His wife (a non-Catholic) and his two sons, Boris and John, both told Father Sheppard that he had died a professed Catholic, asked that there should be a Requiem Mass and a burial with Catholic rites, and assured the priest that this was what Conrad himself would certainly have desired. It was sad that he should have passed away without the help of the Sacraments, but we may hope that, sudden as was the end, in those last moments his thoughts went back to the Faith of his early days, and even if there was no prayer with his dying lips his heart made its appeal to God.

While we yield up any claim to Conrad as a militant Catholic genius we may profitably consider how the manner of his demise, emphasized by the prominence of his career, lends occasion for serious reflection. It really matters little whether many or few will be obliged charitably to interpret God's judgment of us in the end, especially if the end finds us quite unprepared. There should be positive evidence of our practical faith in the minds of those who survive us. We should not leave our friends anxiously seeking excuses for our indifference as it was sought to excuse Conrad on the score that, like most seamen, religion had ceased to be part of his life.

THE † SIGN

Thus, harking back to the fourth century, we hear St. Basil urging those who put off their baptism:

Put not off, I beseech you, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, lest a day come upon you when the means of maintaining life will fail you forever, and straits shall be on every side, and anguish that knows no alleviation, when you shall groan from your inmost heart, but none will condole with you; and speak in a faint and feeble voice, but none will hear; and all you say will be despised as raving. Who will admonish you when sunk in the stupefaction of suffering? Your relations? They will be overcome with dejection. Strangers? They will be indifferent to your sufferings.

It is night. There is no one at hand to help you—no one to baptize you—death is near. His messengers are urgent. Who is He that summons you? Is it God Whom you have despised? But you say He will hearken to me then. Yes, for you hearken to Him now! He will defer the appointed hour, you say. Yes; for you have used so well the time that has been already allotted to you!

Short Weight and Good Works

THERE is much to cause us concern in the Catholic doctrine of intention. None of our actions will escape the judgment. And all of them, even the least deliberate thought, will be appraised according to the intention that actuated them. Many people are going to be painfully surprised at God's final adjustment of their destiny on this basis. Very busy careers will be found fruitless. Great and splendid works will be adjudged worthless because no intention directed them to God's honor and glory or because a selfish intention altogether vitiated them.

Ordinarily good intentions are divided into three classes. Of the lowest order are prayers or good works offered to God to obtain a temporal favor such as good health or a safe journey. Because of the earthly and perishable nature of such things they constitute the lowest order of service. Our good works are raised to a more meritorious plane when our intentions have in view heaven or our eternal happiness. Thus a good work is performed to obtain pardon for sin, to overcome temptation, to acquire merit, in a word "because we dread the loss of heaven or the pains of hell." While our intention in this case still bears upon our own interests, "because of the reward," such an intention is effective provided we look upon God as our last end and our own felicity as secondary.

But our actions attain to the highest value when our intention disregards our own interests entirely, when we consider only God, His honor and glory, when we so love God as to be entirely concerned with the fulfillment of His Will.

While we may not hope to remove all alloy of

self from our motives in serving God, we should be solicitous, nevertheless, that no action of ours fail to bring God glory and ourselves a reward when the good intention of our heart can so direct it.

Our Lord intimated why the two mites of the widow were more precious than the gold of her co-worshippers. It was her spirit of sacrifice and unselfishness. It is absorption in our own interests that invalidates so much of our service to God. While we may not subdue self entirely, still we can resist its subtleties and exalt our intentions through acts of charity and sacrifice performed in behalf of our neighbor.

Each issue of THE SIGN bears witness that many zealous souls choose this means of overcoming self and of exalting all their actions to a meritorious plane. Such are those whose prayers and good works are recorded under Gemma's League and those whose spirit of sacrifice is elsewhere recorded in the form of donations to the missions.

Wierd Allies

"THIS town would be dead if it wasn't for the work in the shipyards. In our yard alone eighteen rum-runners are laid up for repairs. They need overhauling after every trip." Thus a native remarked to us in a town on the Atlantic coast where the inhabitants have witnessed the ebb and flow of prosperity ever since the whaling days.

The incident witnesses to the strange complication from which it will be difficult to dislodge the Prohibition issue in order that a fair suffrage may pass judgment upon it. Unquestionably an official poll of that town would represent it as overwhelmingly dry. Not only the machinist and the caulker, but the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker would vote for prohibition and prosperity. And not one of them would be so guileless as to suspect that his vote affected the source of supply or the flow of liquor. Yet the vote of that community will be incorporated in prohibition statistics and vaunted as the will of the people.

Thus in divers localities and in devious ways Prohibition supplies very profitable sources of income to thousands whose former avocations suffered from stagnation or rendered comparatively meagre returns. In a ballot test these could not be expected to express themselves honestly on the real issue of Prohibition.

It may be that all this mockery and contempt of law will grow apace until it is discovered that the limit of appropriations for enforcement has been reached without avail. Then might sane regulation and penalization be devised and applied in such

THE † SIGN

manner as to gain the approval and compliance of all citizens except those who forfeit their claim on personal freedom through abuse, immoderation and harm directly resulting to a domestic circle and the social body.

Co-operation and Consistency

THE drive for subscriptions toward the erection of a great Episcopalian cathedral in New York City provided an occasion for clearly explaining the Catholic view on co-operation in sacred things. A Catholic may not distinguish between that structure as an inspiring architectural ornament and as a temple of religion. By no distinguishing intention in his mind could he prevent his contribution from being applied to the structure in the latter sense. He could not more directly convey his approval of the purpose to which that temple will be consecrated. Plainly he would be compromising in essentials where faith is concerned. We may refer to but one such essential item in the classic phrase, "It is the Mass that matters." It is with this great and adorable Sacrifice that we chiefly associate our own temples, especially those wonderful medieval fanes whose outlines and proportions are emulated in the plans of this modern structure.

Will the Sacrifice of the Mass be offered in the great temple on Morningside Heights? Not if the ministers of this religion are true to their rule of faith. For, an article of that faith bans the Mass as idolatry and on this plea, up to very recent times, a reward was set upon the head every priest and many of them were cruelly martyred. But, with the abrogation of this article of their faith, what are you to think of the mass as now celebrated in Anglican temples? That point has been settled by the Holy See after an impartial examination as to the validity of Anglican orders. It was shown that the power of ordination lapsed with them in the tumult of the Reformation. Their mass, therefore, is but an empty ceremony.

* * * * *

The question may arise, why should not Catholics reciprocate in a project of this kind, inasmuch as they gladly accept non-Catholic money for their own religious enterprises? The Anglican Bishop Welldon puts this very complaint to the editor of the London *Tablet* apropos of the drive for funds to repair St. Paul's. We can quote but a portion of the editor's reply:

There are millions of good-hearted, easy-minded people who cheerfully boast their conviction that "one religion is as good as another"; that "we're all going by different roads to the same Heaven"; and so on.

These ill-instructed but well-disposed souls are free in conscience to support with their kindly alms all sorts of religions, even those which are contradictory. In every town in England there are breezy latitudinarians who will go to the Anglican garden party on Monday, to the Wesleyan whist-drive on Tuesday, to the Baptist concert on Wednesday, to the Catholic bazaar on Thursday, and so on through the week. On a fine Sunday they play golf or tennis or dig the garden; on a wet one they sometimes stay in bed, sometimes go to church. During their Continental holidays they are often known to munch the *pain benit* in Popish mass-houses and even to light penny candles in front of Our Lady's image. Yet they sincerely regard themselves as good Protestants. We believe that their unselfish almsgiving is dear to God.

There is, however, another class of Protestants, and a very large one, who cannot in conscience give a farthing to a Catholic church. Many cases are known to us of these thoroughgoing Protestants flatly refusing subscriptions for rebuilding Reims Cathedral and other ruined churches in France. They have said: "Catholic churches are used for the celebration of Masses which my Prayer Book teaches me to regard as repugnant to Scripture, as blasphemous fables; and therefore my conscience forbids me to have any part in them. They honestly consider it wrong to finance what they believe to be false doctrine and idolatrous rites; and they are true to their principles."

Half, perhaps two-thirds, of the Dean's fellow Anglicans are sufficiently convinced and consistent in their anti-Romanism to refuse Rome their aid. But among us "Romans" practically every man and woman is convinced and consistent: not merely two-thirds but ten-tenths. We do not ask Bishop Welldon to agree with our theology. But surely he accepts our sincerity; and therefore he ought to applaud our consistency.

.... A greater Dome than Wren's is in our keeping.

A Paulist Broadcasting Station

WE have stood by and observed the radio, that marvellous medium for the dissemination of knowledge, employed by all manner of secular and religious interests who have recognized its illimitable advertising value. Happily, so far, there has been little cause for complaint regarding the use of this medium by the spirits either of bigotry or pornography whose abuse of the printing press has become such an intransigent problem.

Sooner than we had dared hope plans to conduct an independent broadcasting station for the dissemination of Catholic truth are about to be realized. With characteristic enterprise and with the approbation of the highest ecclesiastical authority the Paulist Fathers have undertaken the project and will erect such a station in New York City. The Fathers should receive enthusiastic aid on this expensive project. For this purpose they have organized the Paulist League, as their Provincial Superior, Very Rev. Joseph McSorley explains, "to take up that great instrument of publicity which, perhaps, some day will surpass the printing press, and fling truth abroad ten, a hundred, thousands of miles to the listening millions."

Lourdes

The Shrine of Mary Immaculate

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS



HE pilgrimage to Lourdes, even if you take Paris as your point of departure, seems to be hemmed-in with trials. Of course it is worth it, and one should not complain of tribulations since they are the lot of the earthly wayfarer, more especially of him who has donned "scallop shell and shoon;" but the mere American mind wonders why there is not a good, business-like express train running directly from such a centre as Paris to such another centre as Lourdes.

We found ourselves involved in a world of difficulties: no fast express at any convenient hour; two changes to be made in the night at two different stations along the line; and the further complication—which was personal of course but might easily be the condition of other travellers—of having only a limited time at our disposal. We thus set forth in a slow-running train, to travel all night in a day-coach, with all the accompanying discomforts which may be imagined. Short periods of painful sleep were continually broken into by restless companions or by the entrance and departure of fresh travellers.

During a halt at an important station, we observed an express train just about to proceed to Lourdes in advance of ours, and had the brilliant idea of attempting to board it, but were ignominiously repulsed by train agents who informed us that this was a "Special," running straight through from Brussels to Lourdes and carrying a large body of Belgian pilgrims! Retiring in confusion, and not without some envy of people who were actually on a through train—and an express at that—we went back to our snail, resolved (necessarily) upon patience and fortitude as the only help. Meanwhile we had missed the one chance of breakfast, for these are the haps of the traveller who is not wise, and must be content with a bun and a bit of chocolate. But once more, Lourdes is worth it all!

The morning dragged, as it could, to noon, hot, dusty, tedious, and at last, toward two o'clock, having come to a mountainous region, the air grew cool and pleasant, and the landscape so varied and so interesting that it held our close attention in its continual changes. The road-bed lay among hills

which the locomotive was forced to skirt, taking deep curves around their wooded flanks, and suddenly a river leaped into view, a river that was both joyous and eager, dashing, at certain narrow twists, with an actual vehemence, and racing away in a line parallel with the railroad, though headed in the contrary direction.

It had just left Lourdes—to which we were coming—and we gazed with a sort of awe at those waters which had washed past the shrine of Mary, and which still seemed to be singing of the wonders they had beheld there. We guessed it was the Gave, because it seemed impossible it should be anything else; and it was the Gave: beautiful waters shading in color from green to clear brown, wholly transparent, rushing, springing; that, at least, utterly unchanged since the day the child Bernadette gathered her bundle of firewood along its shores.

Beside that river, a hush seemed to fall upon the travellers; there was a foresense of Lourdes, of its mysterious thrill and deep-felt holiness, even before it came in sight. We waited, ready to alight, in complete silence. At a given moment a man sitting near the window rose to his feet, and remained standing, without leaning out, and a young man sitting opposite to me, removed his hat. They were the first acts of homage we saw to her who called her own name: "The Immaculate Conception." A voice in mid-carriage said, but almost inaudibly; "Lourdes"... and two or three voices, similarly repeated: "Lourdes"... but none spoke out loud. In another moment the train had stopped, the guards were throwing open the doors, and we were out on the platform; but one of the most impressive moments of our pilgrimage, was that silent one when we waited for the white sanctuary on the hill to come in sight, and when the two who saw it first, without speaking, from afar, lifted their salutation to Our Lady of Lourdes.

A DENSE crowd alighted from the train and poured out, filling the station, but it did not take more than a few minutes to find a carriage, and presently we were driving through those small streets, almost every house of which seems to be a hotel or a shop for the sale of objects of devotion. It was a surprise to find how hilly the town is; all

THE † SIGN



THE CROWNED VIRGIN ON THE ESPLANADE

the roads wind, or go stiffly up and down, but the views at the end of these ascents or descents are lovely in the extreme.

There are genuine mountains to be seen everywhere, and when you come to be acquainted with them, what a wealth of superb peaks and of names associated with them! Just behind the basilica, Pic de Jer, which the electric train ascends, and at the top of which the great, illuminated cross blazes at night. Further away the heights which protect the tumbling waterfalls of Cauterets; Gavarnie with its glaciers and the natural amphitheatre of rock which looks as though giants had had a Greek stage there; and the passage of Roland, "la Brèche de Roland," a notch broken clean out of the granite, and where the country-folk tell you that the hoof of the hero's horse struck a flying piece out of the stone. The lower slopes are all wooded: thick, fresh green of luxuriant foliages, oak, chestnut, and plane-tree mingled with spruce and fir that make the air aromatic. There stands Our Lady of Lourdes!

IN the midst of the town, the citadel of the same, an ancient castle with a tower and battlements, rises at the summit of an isolated hillock, with its

grey legend that it was a stronghold already in the days when Frank and Saracen battled between France and Spain, and that a Moslem Emir of the name Mira had entrenched himself within the fortified walls and from thence defied the great Charlemagne who had vowed to rid the land of the paynim hosts.

The township of Lourdes still bears a fish upon its shield, and the story of this emblem is that while the famous Charles was besieging the fort, and endeavoring to subdue the Moors by hunger, a passing eagle in its flight happened to drop a fish upon the castle. It was taken to the Emir, for the citadel was starving, but with superb nonchalance the Saracen sent it as a gift to the Emperor, bidding him not hope to reduce enemies who had such fish as this in their pond!

His own boast proved vain, for the Christian forces took the height and never more relinquished it. But some thousand years after Charlemagne, another conqueror was to come to Lourdes, and to establish there such a kingdom as the paladins of old had never dreamed. A white citadel upon the hill, a hollow in the rock, and a Figure there robed in purity!

HALF an hour after our arrival, we were on our way on foot toward the sanctuary. The grotto seemed to be calling, calling, and though we had not yet caught so much as a glimpse of it, there was already a feeling of its presence everywhere. It is situated on the further bank of the Gave, as all readers of the history of Bernadette will remember, so that from most points of the town it is necessary to cross the river over one or another of its bridges, in order to reach it. A complete park, composed of greensward, levelled paths and avenues of splendid trees, surrounds the group of the holy places, so that the walk is a pleasant one, and much of it in shade.

By the Boulevard de la Grotte, we come to the Pont S. Michel, exactly opposite the entrance to the grounds, and (crossing the river) find ourselves first face to face with this guardian, the Archangel of the great wings and thrusting spear, The Invincible, watching here before the gates of Mary, and hurling down her enemy. At this point a vast circular space has been cleared to allow free circulation of many people together, and in the midst of it rises a graceful monument, a tall slender shaft, surmounted by the Crucifix sculptured in stone, with standing, life-size figures of Our Lady of Sorrows and of St. John at the base; this is the votive cross of the pious Bretons, donated by them and known as "La Croix des Bretons."

A rectangular central space of turf reaches its

THE † SIGN

green length now between two long walks leading to the esplanade in front of the church, and these smooth, broad paths are the way generally taken by the processions to and from the basilica, turning around the Croix des Bretons as their further limit. At the end of these promenades, at the point facing the church, is another monument, a high pedestal surmounted by a white marble figure of Our Lady of Lourdes, of heroic proportions, the "Vierge Couronnée," looking toward the sanctuary, and memorable chiefly because here, in 1876, in the midst of a noble gathering of bishops and prelates, the Apostolic Nuncio, in the name of Pope Pius IX, the Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception, solemnly recognized the validity of the apparitions and miracles by crowning Our Lady of Lourdes with a symbolic crown of gold and gems.

BEFORE us is the esplanade, a wide open place like a city square, into which about the two curving arms of the "hemicycle," or rather where they begin, two gradually sloping ascents which, rising in a semi-circular slant, lead to the terrace above the lower church, and at the foot of the upper one. But we do not stop at the churches. Deviating slightly to the right, we come again to the bank of the Gave, the further bank, and follow it, perhaps for thirty or forty yards, passing the small edifices which cover the bathing pools of miraculous water, built against the granite wall, until we come to another open space with benches that take the sun and rain, between the Gave and the stone face of Massabielle. This is the grotto.

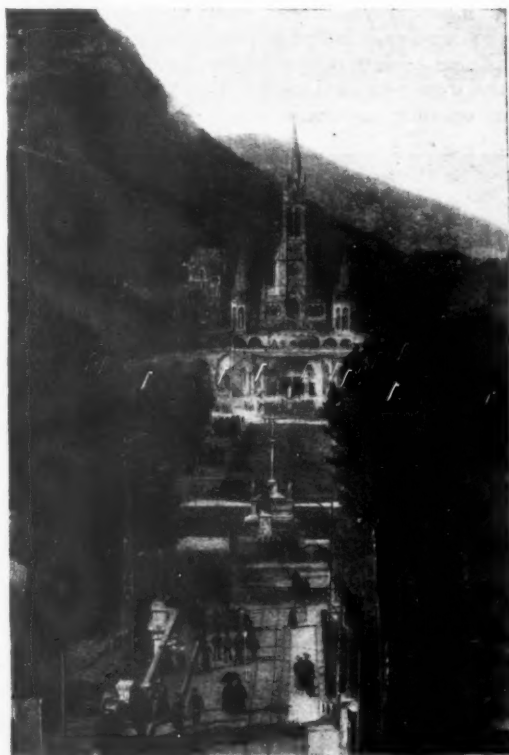
You find it so much as you knew it already in thought, so familiar by means of many pictures, that you must needs call upon your own soul to try and realize that this is the reality of Lourdes. The visual impressions are distinct and strong, the greyish rock darkened at certain spots and yawning away into a cavern toward the back; the mass of the green, coronal at the top and sheath to the lower portion, ivy, creepers, and young trees pushing out; the white Figure, half way up the face of the cliff, and within a hollow. The words forming an aureola around her head, seem to be the only thing that really strikes you, although you have known them all your life: "I am the Immaculate Conception." They are her own words, and you kneel down.

There is a grille all across the front of the grotto, with little gates open at the ends; there is a forest of crutches, a thick forest, suspended toward the left upon the wall of granite; a mass of votive candles burning in front of the statue; within the gaping cavern, more crutches hanging from the roof, and an altar beneath them. There

is also a pulpit set up at one side, under the open sky. The visual impressions come first.

THEN you find a deep silence, and a deep sense of peace. There are many people around you, but they are absorbed in prayer, or move softly for reverence. The voice of the Gave comes next, distinct, insistent, murmuring, almost querulous, but you cannot help feeling that it is busy with Mary, that it is endeavoring to recount that whole story of long ago, how Bernadette came and what she saw, and Who this is that she saw: the Gave is the only living witness left! At times a fugue of treble notes suggests that perhaps, some day, the speaking river will break out into song. So you kneel; but you do not seem to have any prayers to say, except one dumb prayer of thankfulness that you have come at last, across half a world, to the feet of Mary at Lourdes.

Presently you fall into line with the people who are entering the little gate at the right, to the interior of the grotto, and this passing along the rock, in contact with it, is a thing to inspire awe.



ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS FROM ST. MICHAEL'S BRIDGE. STATUE OF THE ARCHANGEL AND CROSS OF THE BRETONS

THE † SIGN

You reach out your hand, almost instinctively, as one does in a narrow passage, and find that you are actually leaning against the boulders of Massabielle: it is that which strikes home the sense of wonder! To lean against those very stones, to have them under one's hand, and to touch the trails of ivy which were probably there when Bernadette came to the grotto. And now you are just beneath the hollow, roughly oval in shape, where the holy Mother of God actually stood.

You pause to try and realize the stupendous miracle, and the light, a sort of reflected radiance that illuminates the statue from the mouth of the cavern, gleams upon the shining letters that form the circle of the aureola: "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception". . . . mysterious words which one cannot read without a thrill, especially at this spot where they were spoken, and where the heavenly Queen deigned to reveal herself.

THERE she stands, silent in her white loveliness, her head slightly lifted, her veil in fine folds flowing around her, the hem of her pure garments falling upon her feet which are adorned with golden roses. Sash, rosary upon her arm, and exquisite hands folded palm to palm, we know them all, but one can only drink in—bereft of words—the wondrous ideal of beauty, of virginal purity, of celestial sweetness which, across the image

wrought by the hands of man, one divines, far away beyond and above it, in the glory of the Vision which was Bernadette's.

The sculptor had desired the approbation of only one person when he made the statue, and, when it was finished, he sent for the little girl whose eyes had looked upon the heavenly presence of Mary. The child gazed upon this chiselled marble. "It's beautiful," she said, "but it is no more like her than earth is like heaven."

One of the loveliest things we saw was at the feet of Mary: sprays of wild rose, bearing their delicate, cup-like blossoms, the frail pink petals unfolding and turning toward her, as it were in love. And in the silence, the breeze moving softly about the grotto, swayed the rose-boughs, so that they seemed eloquent with hidden meanings: gladness, rejoicing, praise of that great Queen in whose honor they blossom, and whose own symbol they are; and hope, promise, assurance of grace even, to all those who lift prayerful eyes to her.

You may go to the basilica, or to the crypt, or to the treasury where the blaze of gems will dazzle your eyes, but none of them will satisfy you; and you will come back to the smallest corner, to mere standing room in the crowd, if only you can be at the grotto, if only you can catch from afar the gleam of the white Figure in the hollow.

(To be continued)



THE GROTTA OF LOURDES. "THE MOTHER OF GOD IS HERE!"

Religious Unity

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for April, 1925)



Of the three Jubilee Intentions of the Holy Father for the Holy Year of 1925, the second is "that all non-Catholics may seek refuge in the true Church of Christ." And this shall be the special Intention of the Archconfraternity for April.

Pope Pius XI asks us to pray that those outside the Church may seek refuge within her fold. Refuge from what? From the maelstrom of religious scepticism and religious chaos in which they are hopelessly floundering. Refuge from the vortex of atheism into which Protestantism is being drawn with ever-increasing velocity.

Many years ago the famous Lacordaire prophesied that the day would come when there would be two great centers of religious thought. The one would gather together all the believers in God. The other would attract all sceptics and infidels. That prediction is already beginning to be verified. Protestantism is breaking up, disintegrating. There is but one great centre of religious belief remaining,—Catholicism. Those Protestants who do not seek refuge in the Catholic Church must sooner or later become agnostics.

Today in our own country there are 100,000,000 souls, who are Protestants or of Protestant descent. Forty millions of these are listed as church-goers, belonging to more than 170 different religious sects which are becoming more and more modernistic and non-Christian. The other sixty million go to no church whatever. One hundred million souls drifting with ever increasing swiftness into paganism! And what are we Catholics doing to save them and to save America?

Suppose that one Catholic man or woman should spend a year of preparation and of labor to convert just one soul. Let these two spend another year in converting, each, one soul. Suppose these four make one convert apiece during the following year. And so on. How long would it take to convert

America to the Faith? Not more than twenty six years. Just think of that!

SURELY this work of bringing souls into the Church ought to have a very special appeal to the members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion. We can read the value of one immortal soul in the Crucified Figure of Christ. We can understand what it means to Him for just one soul to be led back to Him.

Yet, how many of us have ever tried to attract a soul into the Church? If we should see a man or woman struggling for life in an angry sea, we would make every attempt possible to save them. But we look on calmly and indifferently, while millions about us are struggling for their eternal life in the treacherous waters of religious scepticism.

And how often it would be so easy for us to draw them into the Church. Thousands of these poor souls around us are simply waiting for an encouraging word, waiting for some invitation from us. But when they see us indifferent and cold, their own hopes are chilled, and they are repelled from the Church instead of being attracted into it.

Some of the saints have been called "hunters of souls." Why cannot we be the same? Think what it would mean for us to have a soul in heaven blessing us eternally for leading it to Christ. Think what it would mean to that soul itself, long lost in cold and darkness, to be led into the warmth and light of God's great spiritual home, the Catholic Church. Think what it would mean to our Blessed Lord Who valued one immortal soul more than His own human life.

With the cry of the Crucified ringing in our ears, "I thirst," I thirst—for souls—why are we not set on fire to spend ourselves in bringing souls to Him? While we are praying this month that those outside the Church may come back to the Faith of their fathers, let us ask God to teach us how to attract souls to that Faith.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS AND GOOD WORKS** for the conversion of China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to **THE SIGN**, West Hoboken, N. J.

A Bishop and A Despot

The Venerable Vincent Strambi in Conflict With Napoleon

By CARLO SALOTTI

[The following article commemorating the first centenary of the death of Venerable Vincent Mary Strambi was written for *Il Popolo* by Monsignor Carlo Salotti, Sub-Promoter of the Faith and Assessor of the Congregation of Rites. Translation by A. K. Venerable Strambi will be beatified April 26, 1925.—EDITORS.]

TWO glorious centenaries occurred in 1924, memorable for Italy; that of the death of Cardinal Consalvi, whose body rests in the Church of St. Marcellus, and that of the death of Venerable Vincent Strambi, whose remains are venerated in the church of Saints John and Paul at Rome; one a Cardinal and the other a Bishop; one, Secretary of State to Pius VII, the other, one time Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino and afterwards intimate counsellor of Leo XII.

Both had to combat with a crowned despot and both were victims of his cruelty and violence. Both, after a century, exemplify the firm and intrepid Catholic conscience which in the face of the most iniquitous despotism resists unflinchingly and by its resistance brings about the inevitable triumph of liberty and justice.

Vincent Mary Strambi, who was born at Civita Vecchia in the year 1745, during the Pontificate of Benedict XIV, and died at Rome, June 1st, 1824, merits this commemoration not only because by his life and apostolate he honored Italy, the Congregation of the Passionists and the episcopate, but also because the day approaches when the Church, decreeing to him the honors of her altars, will propose him to the veneration of the clergy and the faithful.

In the seminary of Montefiascone and later at Rome, at Viterbo at Bagnoregio and again at Rome, walking in the way of piety and adorning his mind with the choicest classical culture, with philosophy and theology, he was found eminently worthy to be called to the priesthood.

Having afterwards come to know that remarkable apostle, St. Paul of the Cross, he was attracted by the austerity of his life and soon embraced the severe discipline of the new militia which that holy penitent, with the constancy of a martyr, had rallied around him.

Among the Passionists, in the monasteries of Monte Argentario, Vetralla and Saints John and Paul at Rome, and by the side of the heroic founder, Strambi renewed the heroism of the ancient anchorites. In a corrupt and rebellious age he appeared as one dead to the world and almost transfigured in Christ: to depraved customs he set the example of bright and austere virtue.

He was consumed with the flame of the apostolate. With a soul overflowing with divine love and with the passionate desire to extend the kingdom of Christ, he evangelized the principal cities of the Pontifical States and of Italy.

He preached to the crowds and revived their faith. He preached to the convicts of Civita Vecchia and softened the hearts of the hardest. He preached to the clergy and made them more zealous in the fulfillment of their duties. He preached before the College of Cardinals and portrayed wonderfully the ideal of priestly holiness.

On one occasion in Rome, at the Piazza Colonna, preaching to an immense multitude, he suddenly lost his voice. Seizing the crucifix, he managed to cry out, "My dear people, I can speak no longer, this Christ will speak for me." And the Savior triumphed in the moving silence of the preacher amid the unrestrained weeping of the throng. When Hugh Basvill, Commissioner of the French, was killed while striving to rouse the Romans against Papal authority, it was Venerable Strambi who faced the fury of the people and calmed them by his masterly eloquence.

The fame of his eloquence, learning and holiness extended all over Italy. Although he was but a humble religious, at the Conclave of Venice in 1800, he received the suffrage of some of the eminent fathers, who in that very critical period of Church history, deemed him worthy to rule from the throne of Peter.

BARNABAS CHIARAMONTE, being elected Pope, and taking the name of Pius VII, Venerable Strambi was named Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino and was one of the most revered in the Italian hierarchy. Emulating St. Charles Borromeo, he lived in rigid poverty and thus with heroic generosity was enabled the more effectively to succour the needy. He promoted the culture of the clergy and formed a phalanx of holy and learned

THE † SIGN

priests. He gave particular attention to youth, aiming to advance them in the knowledge of religion and the practice of the Gospel virtues. Very dear to him were the students of the University of Macerata in whose minds he strove to establish the ideal of the union binding faith and science. There was a rare intimacy between him and his people who recognized in him the tenderness of the father and the sanctity of the pastor.

WHILE the Venerable Strambi was thus happily prosecuting his pastoral ministry, Napoleon, heedless of favors and concessions extended by Pius VII, began a course of persecution that has few equals in history. Pius VII had refused to submit to imperial dictations that offended his conscience and violated his spiritual authority. The despot replied by occupying Rome and the Pontifical States, by the confiscation of church property, by the arrest and exile of Cardinals and Bishops and by disregarding every right, divine and human.

When the Pope, inflexible in his authority, published the memorable bull of excommunication, promptly, at the dawn of July 6, 1809, soldiers invaded the dwelling place of the Vicar of Christ and seized him in the name of that Emperor who consigned him to the harsh imprisonment of Lavona and Fontainebleau.

The Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino was

closely involved in these dire events. The provinces of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata and Camerino were withdrawn from the Papal States; for the Pontifical arms those of the Emperor were substituted; the clergy were threatened and annoyed.

Monsignor Strambi had already communicated with Pius VII, stating his determination courageously to defend the rights of the Church even

though there were no other choice but prison, exile or death. Napoleon exacted from the clergy, but especially from the Bishops, a sacrilegious oath, under threat of grave penalties. That oath had been already condemned by the Holy See. There-upon the evasive oath, incorporated in the Concordat of 1803, was proposed by the Viceroy, Prince Eugene.

MONSIGNOR

Strambi, consulted by his episcopal confrères in regard to this oath, asked Rome for a decision. In his reply to the Bishops of the Marches the

Pontiff condemned the formula. Rome had spoken. It was the intrepid confessor of the faith who replied to the dictator's emissaries, "Both my conscience and the voice of the Supreme Pontiff utterly condemn this oath. Neither I nor my colleagues will ever betray our sacred office. As for me, I am willing to lose all rather than disobey the Vicar of Christ."

A little later a French General, who complained to the Bishop that the clergy had refused to publish



VENERABLE VINCENT MARY STRAMBI, C. P.

THE † SIGN

government orders from their pulpits, received this firm reply, "The Government has its ministers by whom it can promulgate its decrees, the ministers of the sanctuary should not be thus employed." The General then ordered Strambi to take the oath, but the holy Bishop replied with indignation, "How can you possibly ask me to take an oath that is against my conscience?" The General rejoined, "I will send you into exile."

The order was carried out and the property of the bishopric confiscated. The people of Macerata were enraged at this usurpation. An uprising threatened and 2,000 soldiers with two cannons were lined up before the Bishop's house.

HISTORY is proof that no Government endures when founded solely on force and violence. Napoleon thought he had conquered the Papacy by throwing a Pope into prison and by surmounting the Adrian mole with his imperial eagles. The deluded man of violence failed to be impressed by the proximity of an adjoining monument "founded on an indestructible corner-stone." Napoleon, by imposing exile on the Bishop of Macerata believed that he had subdued the episcopate and the clergy of the Marches. Unhappy tyrant! History, in the hands of Providence, reserved bitter disillusionment for the crowned despot.

The Pope was a prisoner at Fontainebleau. Monsignor Strambi was exiled to Novara and thence to Milan. But even from exile he directed the affairs of his diocese and the holiness of his life continued to be a living apology, witnessing to the holiness of the Church for which he prayed, labored and suffered.

In the meantime events moved rapidly. In the great battle of Leipsig Napoleon's star faded and set. In the Castle of Fontainebleau, where he had

tortured the soul of a martyr Pope, Napoleon was forced to sign his abdication. Pius VII now takes the royal road to Rome where he is greeted joyously by the Italian throngs. In his turn Monsignor Strambi left Milan, May 4, 1811, and returned to his beloved Macerata. The two aged men, Pope and Bishop met in Ancona and embraced. Both had suffered for the Faith and both smiled sweetly in the joy of triumph.

The entrance of Monsignor Strambi into Macerata was truly triumphal. The children had not forgotten their father and for them he devoted all his care as he endeavored to repair the ravages of those deplorable times.

POPE PIUS VII having died, he was succeeded by Leo XII to whom Monsignor Strambi was attached by the bonds of a close friendship. The new Pontiff desired him to be near as an intimate and enlightened counsellor. But the coöperation extended by the Bishop was short-lived. The Pope was seized with a grievous illness and was already fortified with the last sacraments. Thereupon Monsignor Strambi offered his own life to God that the Supreme Pontiff might be spared. The holy Passionist's oblation was promptly accepted. Unexpectedly the Pope grew well and on January 1, 1824, Monsignor Strambi expired with the serenity of the just and was mourned by all in the Eternal City, for he was esteemed not only as the heroic penitent and worthy disciple of Paul of the Cross but also as the unflinching champion of the rights of the Church and of conscience which he steadfastly defended against the oppressor.

This intrepid Bishop whose apostolate recalls the disturbed events of his time merits to have his memory recalled by Italians who are often unmindful of their country's fairest glories.

One day, during one of those audiences which Pope Pius X. was in the habit of granting to the masses whom he loved so dearly, a poor man was present. One of his arms was completely paralysed and withered; he had vainly sought the help of doctors, and even that of Our Lady of Lourdes, having gone there on pilgrimage hoping for a cure. At last he thought of getting his cure from the Pope, and now was waiting, absorbed in this hope, in this throng. The Pope appeared, smiling and sweet, and passed among his people, giving them kindly words of fatherly acknowledgment. When he came near, the poor man said to him:

'Holy Father, cure me,' showing him his withered arm with a gesture of entreaty. The Pope smiled, and then passing his hand carressingly over his limb, said sweetly three times: 'Yes, yes, yes!' That very moment, marvellous to relate, while the Pope was pronouncing the third 'Yes,' his hand still moving, the arm unbent like a loosened spring, straightened out and resumed free movement. He was perfectly cured. The good people were beside themselves with amazement and delight and wished to show their delight tumultuously, but the Pope, with a fixed and majestic look, placed his finger on his lip and imposed silence upon them.—Rev. P. G. Galoni, S. J.

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

A CONTRAST

An editorial in the April 1st, issue of the New York *Sun* pays this well-deserved tribute to Governor Albert E. Smith.

Governor Smith's achievement in rallying popular sentiment to carry through a large part of his program against the opposition of hostile majority leaders in the Legislature has naturally led to a comparison of his record with those of other eminent New York executives. It has markedly increased within a month his importance in the public eye. Republicans as well as Democrats have acknowledged that he ranks with the ablest of New York's long line of Governors from George Clinton to the present day. And the fact cannot be forgotten that one outstanding Governor after another has found his achievements at Albany a stepping stone to the leadership of his national party organization.....

Among all these outstanding figures [Hughes, Glynn, Roosevelt, Cleveland, Tilden] none has shown himself a greater leader or a harder fighter than Al Smith. He has gripped the imagination of the people and won their enthusiastic indorsement by putting through the reform measures which they wanted and which seemed hopelessly blocked by a hostile Legislature.

A news-item in the same issue informs us that

William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, has obtained a patent on an improved vacuum bottle.

HEAVEN

The *Evening News* of Harrisburgh, Pa., publishes this bit of intimate description of Heaven by the foreseeing Rev. Dr. George Edward Hawes:

Heaven is a city 15,000 miles square or 6,000 miles around. One side is 245 miles longer than the entire length of the Great Walls of China. Walls surrounding Heaven are 396,000 times higher than the Great Wall of China and eight times as thick. Heaven has twelve gates, three on each side and has room for 100,000,000,000 souls. There are no slums. The entire city is built of diamond material, and the streets are paved with gold. All inhabitants are honest and there are no locks, no courts and no policemen.

CHURCH AND STATE

Admiral William S. Benson, head of the United States Navy, recently broadcasted a striking message on "Tolerance." Here is true Americanism:

It is one of the inconsistencies of those who are fomenting religious prejudice in the United States that they justify their bigotry, as a crusade to separate Church and State, or to insure the separation of Church and State. There is, of course, no union of Church and State in this country, and let us hope there never will be. The only danger of such a union lies in the effort to discriminate between one creed and another, for the very legislation and enforcement of such an attempt would compel the State to prescribe which faith was to be recognized by law and which was to be condemned by law. That would re-

sult in the very partnership of Church and State these zealots feign to fear.

The men who built this Republic with religious liberty as one of the cornerstones of her foundation had a good deal of experience with State religions. Some of them had suffered for conscience sake, and they knew the perils of an attempt to perpetuate in the Constitution of the United States what had been so harmful to unity and prosperity and happiness when incorporated in the charters of the Colonies.

BRIGHTENING UP

A description of the exhibition of funeral trappings held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, is given us in the *Traveler* of that enlightened city:

It is the theory of the undertakers that the time has come to approach the matter of funerals with the same sanity and coolness shown in coping with any other inevitable situation.

"You make a will. Many persons select their own burial lots. Why not caskets and other funeral necessities?" a leading undertaker asked a reporter.

A few visitors proved their presence to be due merely to a morbid curiosity, but they were soon given to understand that their presence was not appreciated. Not one person among the general public, so far as could be learned, evinced a desire to buy a coffin, although many sincere queries were made of the salesmen as to the character of the material and linings of the elaborately wrought caskets. The latter are not sold direct to the public, however, but only to undertakers.

The women were interested most in the burial gowns of vivid hues and fashionable design, which, as a matter of fact, could not be distinguished by the ordinary person from afternoon or evening gowns. Three live models are showing them.

A six-piece orchestra, for which the mezzanine floor was cleared, played popular airs last night for the entertainment of the general public and visiting undertakers.

A SCHOOL ORGY

We are not given to 'knocking' our public schools; but we cannot help pointing to their students as woeful examples of the lack of religious education if conditions in the Jamaica High-School is representative:

JAMAICA, N. Y.—Jamaica High School buzzed with excitement and indignation to-day following the announcement of Charles H. Vosburgh, the principal of the school, that he had heard more than 100 boys and girls, most of them under 18, had attended a "disgusting and disgraceful" party at a roadhouse last Friday night and many of them had become "helplessly intoxicated."

One result of the incident will be that all pupils found to have attended the party will be barred from holding any office of honor in the student organizations or from participation on any of the athletic teams. This was announced to-day by Harold G. Campbell, associate superintendent in charge of high schools, after a conference with Mr. Vosburgh.

Dr. Campbell made it clear, however, that the

THE † SIGN

"party" was not strictly a school affair. He understood it was held under the auspices of a fraternity, and he pointed out that under the bylaws of the Board of Education no student may belong to a secret school society. If a boy or girl is a member of such an organization, he added, it is due to negligence on the part of the parents.

Mr. Vosburgh said he was "sifting the thing to the bottom" because he felt the party had "brought dishonor on the school."

In an address to the students he said:

"I have an abiding faith in the youth of our country, but they are passing through a stage where they need guidance—guidance in the home as well as in the school, and this guidance does not come from a disregard of law, allowed and connived in by the parent. I have had parents tell me repeatedly that their children were not members of fraternities when on investigation I have obtained positive proof that they were. This is not the proper kind of guidance.

"If I were a mother, before I should give my daughter permission to attend a dance I think I should be old fashioned enough to find out the names of the chaperons and patronesses, the character of the place and, above all, the character of the boy who was to act as her escort."

NORTH CAROLINA

Immigration of some of the despised southern European nationals into North Carolina would raise the culture of that commonwealth. The *Carolina Magazine* laments:

North Carolina has less alien blood per square inch than any other State in the Union. That is one good reason why she also has less writers, less painters, less sculptors, and, above all, less musicians than practically any other State of equal resource; certainly any other State of equal bombast.

SOME WEEPER

This pastor is not without honor in his own country, if we are to believe the Fort Worth *Record*:

The Rev. Weeping Wayne Alliston, known in Southern Baptist circles as the Broken-Hearted Disciple because of his spirituality, is honored and esteemed in his sphere in much the same manner that Walter Johnson, the grand old man of baseball, is regarded by the baseball public of America.

CONSOLATION

Pickup furnishes us with this one:

A rich but very eccentric man died. The clergyman, who was young and new to the parish, thought it a fitting opportunity to call and comfort the widow. "You must not grieve," he told her. "The body that lies here is not your husband. It is merely a husk, an empty shell—the nut has gone to heaven."

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY

The mercenary tribe of spiritualists thrive even on sedate Englishmen willing to pay a generous fee to witness their wierd performances. So we learn from Fra Juniper, raconteur of the *London Universe*:

In "As I Went on My Way," the reminiscences of

the Recorder of Manchester, is a capital story of two friends who went spirit-hunting at Brixton. On paying a guinea each they asked to see the spirit of Cardinal Newman. After some delay they were shown into a room where there appeared a figure in what might have been a cassock or a dressing-gown. "With head buried upon his breast, he raised his right hand, and in a voice... which was a mixture of gin and catarrh, promulgated the words, 'Benedictine, my children,' and withdrew." The voice was that of the military-looking gentleman who had taken the guineas, but to his credit, be it said, he returned the money, and begged that he might not be exposed.

UP 400 PER CENT

Nothing so convincingly points to the degradation of modern American society as the increase of divorce. Within the past fifty-two years divorce has increased 400 per cent. To check it all good citizens should work for uniform, restrictive laws in regard to the marriage bonds.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Seven out of every 10,000 married persons are divorced every year now in the United States, the Census Bureau revealed to-day in an official report on marriage and divorce, based on four nation wide investigations covering the fifty-two year period from 1870 to 1922.

The number of divorces in 1922 was 330 to every 100,000 married persons, according to complete returns from all States. This was an increase of 400 per cent over 1870, when only 81 divorces to every 100,000 married persons were recorded.

These figures, arranged to eliminate the larger increase shown in the actual number of divorces caused by population growth, show "an astounding and persistent increase," the bureau said.

Divorces in 1922 numbered 148,815, compared with 1,129,045 marriages. The wife applied for the divorce in two cases out of three, and the ratio has changed but little in the fifty-two years, the figures showed.

Cruelty makes up more than one-third of the causes for action, and increased its percentage of the total by 6 per cent. in the period 1916-22. Desertion makes up nearly another third, but this percentage has increased 4 per cent. in the same period.

Divorces granted for drunkenness decreased 57.8 per cent. in the six year period. It was the ground for only 1 per cent. of the divorces in 1922, as compared to 3.4 per cent. in 1916.

Adultery as a cause for divorce is decreasing. It made up 17.5 per cent. of the total in 1887, but now only 10.9 per cent.

The largest percentage of divorces, 26.7 per cent., was granted to couples married from five to nine years, the latest figures showed. Ten per cent. of the divorces were granted to couples married twenty years or more. Fifteen per cent. were to couples married from ten to fourteen years.

PATRIOTISM

Some ladies (!) in Paterson, N. J. have pledged themselves to a very vigorous form of patriotism:

The Women's Independent Republican League of Paterson, at a meeting Monday night, adopted a resolution pledging its entire membership of 100 to the enforcement of "absolute patriotism" among men. They agreed to pay particular attention to military parades, and in every case where a man fails to properly salute the colors to knock his hat from his head.

Dreams

A Case in Point

By ENID DINNIS



HE stuff that dreams are made of was the subject under discussion.

"For my part," said Harold Doyne, "I should say that dreams are remarkable for their amazing inconsequences—dreams, I mean, that make a vivid impression on one's mind even after hours of wide-a-wakeness."

"You mean, like the dream of the poet," someone else said, "who made a couplet in his sleep of such extraordinary beauty that when he woke up in the night he got out of bed to write it down. When morning came he flew to his writing desk and found written there the exquisite lines:

'Open the gate for half-a-crown,
Jenkins up and Jenkins down.'

"I take it," another of the highbrows opined, after the laughter had subsided, "that the dream-state is simply a condition in which the mind is influenced by any power that has access to it. The Wise Men had dreams as well as the dyspeptic. As for your poet's experience, I call it distinctly elvish."

"I can illustrate what I mean by my own case," the first speaker said. "I am, as you know, a convert to the Faith. Well, on the evening of July 31, 19—, I was an Anglican, still struggling with 'Papal aggression' and the 'harsh terms offered by the political Power of Rome.' After a day of concentrated mental effort, including much prayer, I went to bed and dreamt a dream. On the following day I wrote to my bishop resigning my living, because I had discovered that the Catholic Church is the great, tender Mother, with wide-open arms. In the night I had dreamt vividly of a little girl who was digging in the sands at the seaside. I saw the child more plainly than anything I have ever seen in a dream. And the surroundings, the cliffs and the esplanade and everything. It was no place that I could recognize. I hadn't varied my cogitations of the day before with reminiscences of the seaside. All that day, when I faced the great issue before me, the little girl with the spade and pail was visualized in my mind's eye. I think that is a pretty good example of the irrelevancy of dreams."

"Your mind was overwrought and sensitized to impressions," someone suggested.

Then there was a lull in the conversation as the

philosophers arranged their impending contributions to the interesting thesis. Father Dixon, a round and alert little man, addicted to the obvious, and fallen prematurely into his anecdotalism through an inordinate love of telling a story, seized on the opening.

"That reminds me," he said, "of a quaint little incident that happened years ago when I was in charge at Croyford. It has nothing to do with dreams, but your speaking of the kiddie with the spade and pail reminded me of it."

THE company was habituated to little Father Dixon's artless way of running off at a tangent. After all, he hadn't had his look in this evening, poor little man, and his stories were sometimes amusing. He continued:

Funny little thing she was. Her name was Clare, and she belonged to the people next door to the rectory. I made friends with her through a gap in the garden fence. She was six years old, the only child, and she always seemed to be playing in the garden by herself. Her people were staunch Protestants and I was afraid at first of insinuating my attentions on the little girl; but they didn't seem to object.

Clare and I had a good deal in common. I found this out one day when I was looking over the fence. She was stooping down over some digging operation and I threw over a cherry that alighted on her neck. She didn't take any notice beyond a shake of her curly head; so I tried again with another cherry. This time she looked up rather impatiently at the firmament and said severely, "Don't, God!" From which I inferred that we two had something in common.

Well, when the holiday season approached, Clare had some news for me. She kicked out the loose plank in the fence, which her mother had replaced, in order to impart it to me. "I am going to the seaside," she informed me. "It's a place called Carstairs, and there's sea all along, and ever so far, and I am going to dig in real sand with a spade and put it all in a pail."

I congratulated her, and told her, in answer to a direct question, not in any spirit of emulation, that I had seen the sea though I had never been to Carstairs.

"And did you dig with a spade," she queried;

THE † SIGN

and was pleased with my answer in the affirmative. (She didn't inquire how recently it was.) "My cousin Jean has lent me a spade," she went on, "but pr'aps I am to have a pail all of my own." This was said in tones of becoming importance.

"That would be much nicer than borrowing Jean's," said I.

"Of course," she returned, with emphasis, "but pr'aps I mayn't get one of my own, and then I shall have to borrow Jean's." It was a grave thought.

"We'll ask God about it," I said. "He is giving you this nice holiday, and I'm sure He won't leave out the pail."

"I like God," Clare observed. (That was a feather in her mother's hat, anyway.) Then she added with a sigh, "I wish He was somewhere instead of just everywhere 'cos then I could go and tell Him so."

I longed to tell her that He was living on the other side of my house; but I shirked the amplification of the statement, in the circumstances. I contented myself instead with praying about the pail, and putting in a word for Clare herself.

A DAY or two later my young neighbor appeared in the garden, intent on catching my eye. She was waiving a small tin pail in her hand. I pocketed my breviary and came to attention.

"It's *mine*," Clare shouted, triumphantly. (How people can reconcile socialism with human nature I never can make out.) "Jean's going to lend me her spade but it's my very own pail."

I congratulated her and admired the pail—a poor thing but her own.

Then we got a piece of stick and made notches for all the days between that and August the first, and each day afterwards we struck off a notch.

She was a queer little soul. One day I suggested that when she returned she might lend her pail to another little girl who might be going to the seaside. She screwed up her funny little face and thought for a moment.

"No," she said, "I think I would rather give it, and then it would be somebody's own. I don't like lent things much."

On the following Sunday when I was catechizing the children in church, to my surprise I caught sight of my small friend sitting in the benches with the other children. I found out afterwards that her mother had given her leave to come in and see what I did in church. (No doubt the lady thought that she was too young to imbibe errors.)

I was telling the little ones how to offer their gifts at Mass—the small sacrifices, etc.—and how

God would make of the tiny offerings something rich and precious when they were offered by Jesus Christ as part of His own offering. I said quite a lot about giving and how God likes the things that we value best.

I was about to add that God would return these offerings, give them back a hundred-fold, when suddenly I found my eyes resting on the eager face of Clare. She was listening intently, with both eyes and mouth wide-open.

I checked my words. The idea of treating the gift as a loan seemed suddenly to have become too second-rate for adoption. I could not put it forth with the owner of the pail listening and her great brown eyes fixed on me. So I ended on the note of a free gift. Ah, dear! How rare a free gift is where our dealings with Almighty God are concerned! I told the children something about the love-worthiness of our Lord instead. That wonderful little face in the benches was an inspiration to me.

WELL, we had scraped off all the notches on the stick except one when, one day late in the afternoon, as I was seeing about closing the church, I heard a sound, and there was Clare standing in front of me in the aisle. She had the tin pail in her hand, and the expression on her face I took to be that adopted in connection with church-attendance by well brought-up non-Catholic people. She looked up at me and held out the pail. The way that she cut the cackle and got to business was exemplary:

"Will you give it to God, please?" she said.

It was so nakedly to the point that I didn't tumble to it all at once. She explained reproachfully:

"You said that we could give things to God—over there where He lives," she pointed to the altar, "and He likes the things that we liked. I would like to give Him my pail."

"But you will want it for Carstairs," I objected. (It is somewhat overwhelming to be taken at one's word when one has been preaching ideals!)

"No, I won't," she said, with polite deliberation. "I've borrowed one from my cousin Jean. She's lent me hers as well as a spade."

"But a lent one isn't nearly so nice as one's own," I expostulated.

Two large tears oozed out of the brown eyes and splashed into the pail.

"No," she said, "but I want to give this one to God, please."

Poor little soul. I tried to think of some way of meeting the situation, and in my folly I thought I had hit upon a bright idea.

"Why not wait until after you have been to

THE † SIGN

Carstairs?" I suggested. "Then you might give it to God—or lend it perhaps."

For the second time in my experience she met me with a gaze that shrivelled me up. This time I had actually named the unworthy thing—and thought myself so clever—

"Lent things aren't nice," she said. "It isn't as big as Jean's pail—hers is painted, too—but pr'aps God will change it into something ever so beautiful, like you told us, and I can give it to Him because it is my very own." Then the tears came again at the recollection of foregone proprietorship.

It was a heart-wringing business, yet as I looked at her there came to me a feeling that here was something too precious to reject. God might indeed have a use for this amazingly generous offering. I took the pail and gave her my blessing. Before I left the church, after I had locked the door, I went up to the altar and placed the votive offering on it, just for a moment. I had told her that I would not forget to offer it to God tomorrow. This was the material act. *Suscipe Domine*, I whispered.

NEXT morning I said my Mass for our separated brethren, as was my custom on the first day of the month. There was the usual sprinkling of people. As I turned round at the *Orate Fratres* a movement in the body of the church made me glance up. Standing in the centre of the nave I glimpsed a small girl, hatless, pinafores, and with a spade in one hand and a (borrowed) pail in the other. A devout lady—one of the kind that applies itself with pious assiduity to removing four-legged intruders from the sacred precincts—had stretched forth an officious hand and was pushing the present two-legged intruder into a seat. Clare had elected to assist at my Mass, apparently all on her own. I could not help wondering what she would make of it.

After breakfast, when I saw a cab draw up to the gate of Clare's home, I went forth to wish my neighbors a pleasant holiday and say good-bye to my small friend. Clare's mother was full of apologies.

"I do hope my little girl didn't annoy you this morning," she said. "She was up early and ran off whilst we were busy and seems to have gone into your church. It was naughty of her to go into a church without a hat."

I reassured her as to the court-etiquette being dispensable; then Clare appeared on the scene. The quaint little soul was one glow of delight. She positively vibrated. Carstairs, of course, was an exciting outlook. She was carrying her spade and pail.

"Her cousin lent her them," her mother said. "A lovely big pail, much better than the one we bought for her."

Clare peeped at me. Her eyes danced, her cheeks glowed; I really thought that spontaneous combustion was imminent. She hopped into the cab, then thrust her head out and said: "Oh, didn't God turn my pail into a beautiful one? You held it up nice and high for me to see. Did you see me when you turned round?"

FATHER DIXON paused for a moment. Someone jogged him: "Well, and what did you tell her when you saw her again?"

"I didn't see her again for twenty years," was the reply. "They were still at Carstairs when I was sent off to a new charge, all in a hurry. But about a year ago I was giving a retreat to an Order of teaching Sisters when one of them asked me if I remembered her. I looked hard at the piquant little face inside the white wimple and recognized Clare."

"Yes," she said, "I really did believe that God had changed my pail into a chalice. I never forgot, and when I was old enough I found out a Catholic church, and found out that I hadn't been so very far wrong. Then I became a Catholic, and did my best to be a good one. But I didn't want to lend my poor little energies to God, so I took the three vows and—here I am."

"By Jove," Father Dixon said, apologetically, "I've told you quite a long yarn, and it hasn't anything to do with dreams."

"Never mind, Father, we were speaking of irrelevancy and you have given us an illustration." The remark was made, chaffingly.

"Wait a bit!" It was Harold Doyne who spoke. "Did you say that is was on the day before the first of August that you said the Mass for the conversion of outsiders? I suppose that could be applied individually? It's curious, because I mentioned the night between the 31st of July and the 1st of August a little while ago. It was the night or, more probably, the early morning when I dreamt about a little girl digging in the sand. Do you happen to remember the year?"

"Certainly, the year I left Croyford, 19—."

Doyne nodded.

"That was the year," he said.

We sat in silence—like the disciples who "durst not ask One in their midst who He was, knowing that it was the Lord."

Then Harold Doyne spoke again:

"I think you might give me Clare's address and her name in religion. It would be the decent thing to write and thank her."

The Supereminent Knowledge

No. II. *St. Paul and The Sacred Passion*

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.



HE most vivid and interesting personality of the Apostolic Age is undoubtedly St. Paul. In the Acts we see the outer man with his quenchless enthusiasm and his tireless energy; in the Epistles we behold the inner man with his marvelous intellectual gifts and the torrential vigor of his language. So commanding is his personality and so lofty are his intellectual attainments that he has been the subject of innumerable biographies, and his ideas, put down in the hurried moments of letter-writing, have been expanded into countless weighty tomes of scholarship and authority.

And yet, his life, his personality and his ideas can be grouped around a central point. "Great thinkers and writers," says a certain author, "owe their power among men, not necessarily so much to a wide range of ideas, as to the intense vitality which they are able to impart to some one comprehensive, fructifying idea, with which, through constitution and the circumstances of their times, they have become possessed. It is only when a man is really possessed with an idea that he can express it with a quickening power and ring all possible changes upon it."

With the great Apostle this idea was the central, the keystone dogma of Redemption. Converted by an apparition of Jesus in His character as Savior, he devoted to the Crucified all the energies of his rich and varied personality. To the thoughtful mind that would study and draw out the riches of his wonderful life, he becomes in logical succession, the Saint of the Crucified, the Apostle of the Crucified, the Ruler of the Church of the Crucified. In very truth, the Passion of Christ is the key of his character as a Saint, his work as an Apostle and his office as Ruler of the Church. He is one golden fulfillment of the prophecy of Jesus Who planned the salvation of the human race and chose as the most efficacious means to that end His own Death on the Cross. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself," (Jno. 12/32) and not only draw but keep all those whom the Father hath given Him (Jno. 17/12) through the attraction of the Cross.

It is related that the Spanish explorers in South America came upon a new plant with a strange

flower. On examination they discovered that this flower bore a semblance of the Scourge, the Crown of Thorns, the Nails and the Holy Cross. So, when we approach to study that marvelous growth which is Paul's sanctity, we discover that it had for its roots, Knowledge of Jesus Crucified, for its rod, a Life that grew out of that Knowledge and was nourished by it, and for its perfect bloom and flower—Union with Christ on the Cross. Root, rod and flower—it was a sanctity that grew on Calvary at the foot of the Cross.

As to his Knowledge, his own words are explicit and all-embracing. "I judged not myself to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." (I Cor. 2/2.) The full significance of his utterance and what distinguished it from mere pietism comes to us when we consider both his learning and the judgment of posterity on that learning.

He tells us that he sat "at the feet of Gamaliel," the most celebrated teacher of his day, who was also grandson of a still more famous Doctor of the Law, the great Hillel. It was here that Paul "diligently learned the law of his fathers and made progress in the Jewish religion above many of his equals in his own nation." (Gal. 1/14). Moreover, "from the revelation of Jesus Christ," he had received such complete knowledge of Christian truth that he had no need after his conversion to be further instructed by Peter and the other Apostles. Above all, he had been "caught up into heaven and heard secret words which it is not granted to man to utter." And yet in the face of all this knowledge and in spite of it, he says: "I determined not to know anything but Jesus Christ and Him Crucified."

POSTERITY has described in glowing words his place in the intellectual world and among men of genius. "St. Paul, the scholar, whose erudition when it had been warmed and lighted by Christian faith became such a furnace of divine zeal that they called out after him in the streets of the city and the market places: "Saul, Saul, much learning hath made thee mad!" St. Paul, the theological genius, with whom no other in the long story of the history of the Holy Catholic Church can compare, not even Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, not even that greater and more original

THE † SIGN

mind, St. Augustine! St. Paul, whose intellect was so mighty that Catholic theology will bear the impress of his genius until the end of time! St. Paul, who though not called upon to be the foundation stone upon which our Lord established His Church, was yet so magnificently one of its great pillars that the enemies of Christianity have paid him the doubtful compliment of acclaiming him as the founder of Christianity!" (1)

He Himself is not unconscious of his intellectual gifts and confesses in simple and humble words: "The truth of Christ is in me." (2 Cor. 11/10). "Although I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge." (2 Cor. 11/6). "We have the mind of Christ." (1 Cor. 2/16).

But "lest any man think of me above that which he seeth in me or anything he *heareth* from me," he is careful to state his mind in still more emphatic language: "I count *all things* to be but *loss* for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord. . . . That I may know Him. . . . and the fellowship of His Sufferings, being made conformable to His death." (Phil. 3/8-10).

Nor was his knowledge superficial or confined to the merely obvious in the Passion of Christ. He gives no details of what are called the scenes of the Passion, for the world's greatest tragedy was to him, not the sufferings of a man, but what it is in reality—the Son of God struggling to utter, in terms of pain and sacrifice, infinite and eternal Love. To know Christ merely "according to the flesh" was not his study, but he directed all the energy of his mind toward the Passion of Christ so as to be able "to comprehend, with all the Saints, what is the breadth and length and height and depth: and to know the charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." (Ephes. 3/18-19).

HIS endeavor to comprehend the height and depth of this mystery is revealed in what may be called his meditation on the Passion. From point to point he goes in ever increasing wonder at that Infinite Charity which descends to such infinite depths: "Why did *Christ*, when as yet we were weak, according to the time, die for the *ungodly*? For scarce for a *just man* will one die; yet, *perhaps*, for a *good man* some one would dare to die. But *God commendeth His charity to us*, because *when as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us*." (Rom. 5/6-9).

It is in measuring the height of Christ's love and the depth of His mercy in the absolutely gratuitous gift of salvation and of His wisdom in

accomplishing it that he cries out in amazement: (2) "O the depth of the riches, of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable are His ways. For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counsellor? Or who hath first given to Him and recompense shall be made them? For of Him and by Him and in Him are all things: to Him be glory for ever. Amen." (Rom. 11/33-36).

Not less diligent was he in his efforts to comprehend the length and breath of this mystery of Wisdom, Mercy and Love. Lifting the veil that shrouds from merely mortal eyes the mysteries of God's eternity, he finds that "the dispensation of this mystery had been hidden from eternity in God, that before the foundation of the world, it was God's *eternal purpose* that we should have *redemption, the remission of our sins, through the Blood of His beloved Son*." (Eph. 1/4:3/9). Turning then to the other eternity which will behold the fulfillment of the Divine plan, he finds that "God, Who is rich in mercy, for *His exceeding charity wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins*, hath quickened us together in Christ (by whose grace you are saved) and hath raised us up together and hath made us sit together in the heavenly places through Christ Jesus. That He might show *in the ages to come*, the abundant riches of His grace, *in His bounty towards us in Christ Jesus*." (Eph. 2/4-7).

Thus in his sublime contemplations of the mystery of Christ, this great Saint stands before a Cross, not the material instrument of our salvation, but a Cross that has its root in a sinful world and stretches away into infinity, a Cross that has for its arms the never-beginning love of God and the never-ending revelation of that love. It is then that Paul directs his gaze to the centre of that Cross, the meeting-place of infinity and eternity, the heart of revelation, and beholds—Jesus Crucified. In Him, visible, tangible, intelligible, "the mystery which hath been hidden from ages and generations is now manifested to His saints, *to whom God would make known the riches of the glory of this mystery*. . . .

(2) "St. Paul often speaks of the riches of God and of Christ: the riches of His goodness and patience and long suffering (Rom. 2/4): the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy (Rom. 9/23): the abundant riches of His grace (Eph. 1/7-8:2/7): the riches of His glory (1/18; 3/16): the unsearchable riches of Christ (Eph. 3/8). These quotations, taken along with what has gone before, leave no doubt that here we should understand the riches of God's mercy. . . . The more we penetrate the real mind of St. Paul, the more we shall be struck with awe and gratitude for the unfathomable depths of God's mercy."—Rickaby, S. J. "Notes on St. Paul."

(1) Cavanaugh, C. S. C., "St. Paul, the Apostle of the World."

THE † SIGN

which is Christ" (Col. 1/26-27). . . . "Who of God is made *unto us* Wisdom and Justice and Sanctification and Redemption." (I Cor. 1/20) "In whom are *all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge*, . . . in whom dwelleth *all the fullness of the Godhead corporally*" (Col. 2, 3 and 9) . . . "because in Him it hath well pleased the Father that *all fullness* should dwell. And through Him to reconcile all things to Himself, making peace through the Blood of the Cross, both as to the things on earth and the things that are in heaven." (Col. 2/30).

IT is not surprising then that he should determine not to know anything but Jesus and Him Crucified. Nor is it at all a matter for wonder that he should regard everything—knowledge, talent, glory—to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Crucified. For it was his sincere and emphatic conviction—as of one "speaking the truth in Christ"—that the more he knew Jesus Crucified, the more he would abound in charity which is "the bond of perfection" and "the fulfilling of the law." For Jesus Crucified is the point of contact where Infinite Mercy meets the unutterable misery of sin and destroys it. He is the trysting-place where the Eternal Lover touches the heart of humanity and inflames it. In Him the white light of Eternal Wisdom is broken up into shades and colors that can be seen and understood by human minds, even the most ignorant. In Him Almighty Power is transformed into love, the only power that can move human hearts, even the most hardened.

Such is a feeble reflection of the mind of St. Paul. Human words cannot fully reveal it. He himself writes to the Ephesians in that letter which is the ripest fruit of his contemplative spirit and the

most sublime exposition of the mystery of Redemption: "I have written above *in a few words* that you reading may understand my knowledge in the mystery of Christ, which in other generations was not known to the sons of men as it is now revealed to His holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit." (Eph. 3/3-5). And he even considered as "rude," (inadequate) the few words in which he endeavored to make known his knowledge.

Recognizing the inadequacy of words, he had recourse to prayer. For his converts he prayed that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and of revelation in the knowledge of Him," (Eph. 1/17), and "that your charity may more and more abound in knowledge and in all understanding." (Phil. 1/9).

ABOVE all, we have that most reverent and explicit prayer which is truly the prayer of his heart—and God grant that we may have some share in it: "For this cause I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His spirit with might unto the inward man, that Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts: that, being rooted and founded in charity, you may be able to comprehend, with all the Saints, what is the breadth and length and height and depth: to know also the charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge that you may be filled unto all the fullness of God. Now to Him who is able to do all things more abundantly than we desire or understand, according to the power that worketh in us; to Him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus, unto all generations, world without end. Amen." (Eph. 3/14-20).

FROM an appeal for Austrian Relief: Won't you please read the paragraphs of letters received recently from our Cardinal, the Archbishop of Vienna?

His Eminence writes on December 22nd, 1924: "May God bless and reward the self-denying charity of the American Catholics. Without their charity we would be utterly hopeless. The price of food and clothing is mounting constantly and never in any previous year, not even in 1919, have I received such heart-rending appeals for help, as this Christmas. The misery and despondency is appalling, particularly among the middle classes and discharged state-officials."

On January 15th: "The economic situation continues to be the worst imaginable and unemployment is on the increase every day. My daily mail now consists merely of appeals and cries for help. But I have not the means to help in even the most urgent cases." . . .

Will you not help to feed the hungry? Clothe the naked? Fill the begging little hands of Austria's orphans? Let your pity go out to relieve the fearful distress still prevailing among our people! It is a people, who deserves your sympathy and assistance! Answers to this appeal should be sent to Rev. John Egger, 165 East 88th Street, New York City.

Catholics and the Mass

A Practical Application of a Gospel Parable

By ANTHONY M. BENEDIK, D. D.



N order to keep the memory of His sacrificial death on the Cross fresh in our minds, our Divine Lord instituted the Sacrament of the Most Holy Eucharist. At the Last Supper, after he had changed the bread into His Sacred Body and the wine into His Precious Blood, He said to the Apostles, "Do this for a commemoration of Me."

And we do commemorate His death every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In the Mass, Christ's death on the Cross is really repeated, in an unbloody manner, it is true, but just as real a God offers Himself up to His Heavenly Father for us as was offered up on Calvary. That point we must bear in mind; and our faithfulness and attention at Mass will bear witness whether we do understand it or not.

Now Catholics, as regards going to Mass, may be conveniently divided into four classes: the used-to-be, the may-be, the would-be, and those who are Catholics.

The used-to-be Catholic is one whose name you find on the parish baptismal register; his parents were Catholics; he was trained in his faith; he made his First Communion and was confirmed; was married by the priest, perhaps; but that's as far as his religion goes. It may be false pride, it may be carelessness that keeps him away, but at any rate he never goes near the church. He expects to get there once more, on the day of his funeral, but he may be disappointed in that expectation. He always puts himself down as a Catholic except when a collector for some church purpose comes around. He can condemn the obvious falsity of Protestantism, for he thinks he is a Catholic. He's ready maybe to fight for it, but he's not willing to work at it. He is the seed that fell on stony ground, which, not being able to take root, withered away.

Second is the may-be Catholic, the one who still lives up to his faith, or thinks he does. He comes to Mass occasionally, but stays away on any excuse that he can find or invent. When he is asked by his confessor whether he missed Mass through his own fault, he answers, "Well, partly." It is hard to see to whom he ascribes the rest of the blame, unless it is to his pal, the devil. If the sermon is

too long or uninteresting for him, he goes out on the front steps of the church to smoke a cigarette until the preacher "runs out of gas." He's a poor advertisement for the Church out there, even though he may look like Rodolph Valentino. He can sit through the same movie show twice in succession, but about fifteen minutes at Mass once or twice a month is enough religion for him. He generally manages to be forced to stay away from Mass on the collection Sunday. He is a Catholic, though; he makes his Easter duty. He is the seed that started to grow, but the birds of the air came along and took a fancy to him and ate him; so he is dead, too.

THE third representative is the would-be Catholic—he who goes through all the motions of being a Catholic, but doesn't make a very notable success of it. He comes to Mass regularly, but doesn't appear to know what to do about it when he has arrived. His room would be better than his company, for he talks and laughs and disturbs others generally, so that instead of profiting him, his coming to Mass is only a handicap to himself and others. He probably means well, but the road to hell is paved with good intentions that have gone astray. The only time during Mass that his attention is fixed upon something definite is when the collector comes around, and then it is not upon the collection basket. If he could only go to sleep peacefully during the services, it would be all the better for every one concerned; but he snores. His kind always does. He is the seed that fell among thorns and made an attempt to grow, but the thorns of carelessness and distraction grew a little bit faster and choked the life out of him.

Then, finally, there is the fellow who is a Catholic, who understands his faith and lives up to it in a fairly perfect manner. He doesn't have to look at those unclaimed beads hanging in the rear of the church to understand what a rosary is; he knows that a prayer-book is meant for something else besides loading down a coat-pocket. Remember, he is not a walking saint; you don't find any wings sprouting on him; he is just a plain, everyday good Catholic—with faults, it is true, perhaps sometimes ostensibly with more faults than those other examples I have just described—but he tries sincerely to live up to his religious duties,

THE † SIGN

and God, we may be sure, is willing to overlook a lot in those who are properly respectful to Him. He is the seed that fell on good ground and grew up healthily and yielded fruit a hundredfold, and Heaven knows that a big yield is necessary to make up for those other crops that have evidently failed so utterly.

THE Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the principal duty of Catholics towards God; and unless we are faithful in our duty to God, we are not likely to do our duty to our fellowman. The way, however, that we must consider the Mass in order to appreciate it properly is not as a duty, but as a

privilege, a favor, the greatest favor, in fact, that God has ever granted to His human creatures.

It is not because God needs us that He wants us to come to Mass; God needs nothing. But we need Him, we need Him badly, and that is why He gives us the chance to come into His presence. And we must try by our eagerness in getting to Mass and our devotion and attention while present there to show Him that we appreciate His gift to us. The Mass represents really the sacrificial death of our Savior on the Cross of Calvary, and only those who have been willing to go through that time of suffering with Him are worthy of a place with Him in the everlasting glory of Heaven.

At the Fourteenth Station

VAUGHN DEVLIN

He bids me take my cross and follow Him.

How can I follow where my Savior goes?

How can I bear the mockery and blows?

Unless I see the goal through shadows dim?

The servant may not be above his Lord.

O Savior, let men judge me without cause,

As Thou wert judged midst jeers and harsh applause,

And e'en Thy Father stayed the avenging sword.

Thrice the too great burden of Thy Cross

Bore Thee to earth; and yet I see Thee rise,

Spurred by the vision in Thy drooping eyes,

Shouldst Thou not gain the Mount, Oh what our loss!

I follow to the end, I see them bring

Ointments for the dead. Stay, faithful friends!

A Voice that hallowed vault already rends:

"O grave, where is thy victory; and Death, thy sting!"

"Whether or Not Convicted"

A New Thing in American Legal Thought

By JAMES R. RYAN



WORDS and coins may change in value by great use. They both, in a sense, represent a constant and definite measurement of value. Everyday wear has, nevertheless, a telling effect. I have a word before me that urges consideration in its present-day use. It is "minority." A minority of the body politic, well organized, is effective and often-times dominates the nation. It can accomplish much good or evil, accordingly as its efforts are directed.

The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the development of our institutions are shining examples of the good that can be accomplished by a minority. Our liberties, rights—civil, political and religious—guaranteed to us, we owe to the efforts of an active minority whose efforts were properly directed. The recognition of individual rights was obtained, has been maintained, and may be lost through the efforts of organized minorities.

Attention is called to a striking example of an evil that can be accomplished by an organized minority. The U. S. House of Representatives, February 10, passed H. R. 11796, "to provide for the deportation of certain aliens, and for other purposes." Paragraph 10 of section 2 of the Act provides:

"An alien who has, after the enactment of the deportation act of 1925, violated or conspired to violate, whether or not convicted of such violation or conspiracy, (A) the white slave, traffic act, or any law amendatory of, supplementary to, or in substitution for, such act; or (B) any statute of the United States prohibiting or regulating the manufacture, possession, sale, exchange, dispensing, giving away, transportation, importation, or exportation of opium, coca leaves, or any salt, derivative or preparation of opium or coca leaves;"

That every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty of a crime, that is, convicted by a court of competent jurisdiction, is a fundamental principle of American law. The deportation of an alien who has "violated or conspired to violate, *'whether or not convicted'*" eliminates the presumption of innocence in so far as this class of cases is concerned. This provision is an innovation in American political and legal thought.

When does it become known for a certainty that a person has violated a law? The writer, despite all the legal lore to which he has been exposed as a student of the law for more years than he likes to remember, was of the opinion that the guilt or innocence of an individual could be determined only by a fair and impartial trial by a "jury of his peers." It seems that the writer has gone along in blissful ignorance in so far as this phase of the law was concerned. He was only awakened from his pleasant dreams of liberty and equality by the enactment of this measure. Either his legal education is defective or all has been changed.

MR. RYAN'S paper is an interesting legal study and at the same time serves as an admonition that we control the prejudices quickly formed when the charges are of an exceptionally heinous nature. We all abhor the White Slaver and the trafficker in illicit opiates, but whether aliens are more generally involved in these criminal pursuits than the ordinary citizen should be ascertained by due process of investigation leading to fair conviction.—EDITORS.

INNOCENCE is no longer presumed, nor does it require a trial and conviction by a competent court to determine the guilt of a person or the application of a penalty for violation of the law. If the Secretary of Labor decides that an alien has violated one of the laws enumerated above, there seems to be no other recourse as the measure further provides * * * "The decision of the Secretary of Labor in every case of deportation under the provisions of this act or of any law or treaty shall be final."

Here, again, is an innovation in American jurisprudence. The framers of the Constitution wisely provided for the division of the Government into three separate, distinct and coördinate branches or departments. These—denominated Executive, Legislative, and Judicial—have, for the most part, clearly defined functions. Each is supreme in its

THE † SIGN

own sphere. One branch or department cannot exercise powers and functions properly belonging to one of the others. At least that was the view of the Fathers of the Country. The so-called deportation bill seems to abandon this principle and would make the officials of the Labor Department prosecutor, judge and jury.

Students and practitioners of the law who are so old-fashioned as to believe that such things as human rights still exist are simply amazed. It is hard to believe that the House of Representatives would have the temerity to attempt to change the fundamental framework of the Government.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees a jury trial in Federal courts "where the value and controversy shall exceed twenty dollars;" similar provisions are contained in the several State constitutions. Are individual human rights of less consequence than a twenty dollar lawsuit? Apparently, the House of Representatives thinks so. In the smallest lawsuit, before a man can be despoiled of his property or deprived of his liberty as a penalty, he is entitled to a trial in open court with an opportunity to appeal to a higher tribunal in order that justice may be done and errors corrected. But not so the alien. He may be deprived of his liberty by the mere fiat of a bureaucratic official in Washington.

Deportation may cause much more suffering and anguish than imprisonment or deprivation of material goods. It often means the severing of family ties, social and business relations, and ir-

reparable loss of property. The savings of a lifetime may be swept away; yet deportation, with all the consequences it entails and the anguish it may cause, could, if the Senate concurs in the passage of and the courts sustain the measure, be accomplished by "star chamber methods" and without regard to the rights of the alien. The measure smacks of tyranny and is an example of fanaticism run wild.

NO right thinking man objects to the deportation of aliens who are white slavers, dope peddlers or boot-leggers. The country will be all the better for their absence. The same might be said of some citizens, who might be deported, if the Constitution and laws permitted. It is important that laws be enforced and chronic violators be removed from society, but it is far more important that human rights be preserved.

In view of past performances there can be no illusions or delusions that justice will be the rule in so far as decisions affecting aliens are concerned. The administration of the law restricting immigration is notorious for its not taking human equation into account, and is an illustration of the danger of giving too much discretionary power to administrative officials. This measure would be a triumph of bureaucracy to the detriment of human rights and individual liberty. If carried to its logical conclusion, liberty will be a mockery and the Declaration of Independence could then be most appropriately amended to read "that all men are equal, except aliens."

Sacerdos in Aeternum!

By ALPHONSE M. RICHERT

Glorious in festive, priestly stole,
Likened to the Savior, Jesu sweet;
Prostrate found in suppliant, humble rôle,
Heart made holy at the Master's feet.

Thou, another Prince Melchisedeck,
Gifts of nature—common bread and wine—
Mankind's weighty sins and crimes to check,
To God's substance dost make change divine.

Words that thou dost use to consecrate,
Not thine own, but those of Jesu, King,
Who within thy heart will germinate
Love divine, thee nearer Him to bring

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

SEPARATION

I have been living separated from my husband for nearly eight years. Many causes led to this step, but the climax came when my husband decided to buy a farm which he intended to use as a road house for immoral purposes; this he made quite clear to me. Moreover, he had been going with another woman who told me herself and even showed me the child that had been born to them. I left him and have not seen him since. Is it wrong for me to stay away from him? He is a rabid socialist; but I pray for him every day that he may turn back to God before he dies.—C. R. Sacramento, Cal.

Let there be any misunderstanding on this important question we deem it well to give the substance of the present legislation of the Church concerning the perpetual or temporary separation of married people.

In the first place, it must be understood that married people must live together (Canon 1128) unless a just cause warrants their separation. Separation in the mind of the Church is a last resource; and can be permitted only in cases of real and serious necessity.

We must also distinguish between **perpetual** and **temporary** separation. Perpetual separation is permitted by the Church for only one reason i.e. adultery; temporary separation is permitted for a variety of causes. Our readers will note well, however, that when the Church permits two married people to separate she does not give them permission to remarry. Of course, should one die then the other is free to marry again if he or she wishes.

PERPETUAL SEPARATION. Canons 1129 and 1130 legislate for perpetual separation. Canon 1129 part 1st, reads: If one of the spouses commits adultery, the other—although the marriage bond remains intact—has cause for separation even perpetually, unless this other has consented to the crime, or has been responsible for it, or has either expressly or tacitly condoned it, or has committed the same crime.

Note. Before the innocent spouse can separate or seek separation on account of adultery, he or she must be certain that the other is really guilty. A mere suspicion is not sufficient; proof is required.

Note. Although one party may have committed adultery (which of itself would be a sufficient and canonical reason for dismissal) yet the right of dismissal ceases if any one of the four following conditions is present: (1) if the so-called innocent party has consented to the other's adultery; (2) if the one party has given cause to the other for committing adultery; (3) if the innocent party has tacitly or expressly condoned or pardoned the crime; (4) if both have committed the same sin. In this latter case, i.e. if both commit the same crime of adultery, they mutually loose the right to separate.

Canon 1129 part 2nd, reads. Adultery is condoned tacitly, if the innocent party, after learning of the adultery, spontaneously and freely has marital relations with the guilty partner; condonation is presumed if the innocent does not expel or leave the

guilty party or bring the case into court within six months.

Canon 1130 reads: The innocent spouse, if he or she has separated from the other legitimately, either by a judicial sentence or by private authority, is under no obligation to readmit the guilty partner to married life; this innocent party may, however, admit or recall the other, unless the guilty one, with the consent of the innocent spouse, has embraced a state incompatible with matrimony.

Note. In the first place, the innocent party can dismiss or leave the guilty party, but he or she is not obliged to do so.

In the second place, if the adultery is **certain**, the innocent party can depart on his or her own accord without appealing to any court. However, if the adultery is **doubtful**, the permission of the ecclesiastical judge is always necessary for separation.

In the third place, once the innocent party has permanently and legitimately separated from the guilty spouse, he or she is never **obliged** to readmit the guilty consort; however, he or she **can** readmit or recall the other, unless the guilty one has, with the permission of the innocent party, embraced a state incompatible with matrimony.

TEMPORARY SEPARATION. Our readers will bear in mind that there is only one cause for perpetual separation, namely, adultery. There are, however, many reasons why married people can separate for a time. These reasons are enumerated by Canon 1131: if the other party joins a non-Catholic sect; or gives the children a non-Catholic education; or leads a scandalous and disgraceful life; or seriously endangers the spiritual or bodily welfare of the other; or renders married life intolerable by acts of cruelty. These and similar reasons give the other spouse the right to withdraw or separate by appealing to the Ordinary of the diocese, or even to separate without legal process if the reasons are proved with certainty and delay would be dangerous. In all these cases, when the cause of the separation ceases, married life must be resumed; but if the Bishop has separated the two for a specified time, the innocent party is not obliged to resume the common life until that time has elapsed.

Note. None of the above reasons justifies a perpetual separation.

Married life should be resumed when the cause of the separation ceases.

Cases of this kind must be taken to the Bishop; the parties cannot separate of their own accord—as they can in the case of adultery—unless prompt action is necessary and there is danger in delay.

We trust that this explanation will clear up misconceptions and prevent misunderstandings on this question. However, if any point is still obscure we shall be glad to give our readers any additional information they require.

Our correspondent need have no misgivings if the case is as she has stated it. She need not return to her husband; though she may, if she chooses to do so.

THE † SIGN

THE SISTERHOODS

(1)—How old must one be to become a Sister?
(2)—Where does one have to go to study for the sisterhood? (3)—Can a Catholic girl become a Sister if she has attended the public school most of her life?—M. C., Chicago, Ill.

(1)—Before a young lady can receive the habit of any sisterhood she must have completed her fifteenth year.

(2)—Each sisterhood maintains its own house of studies where aspirants are trained for their future work. Inquiries as to the location of these houses can be obtained from the respective institutes.

(3)—If a Catholic girl is otherwise qualified there is no reason why she cannot become a Sister even though she has attended the public school most of her life.

NON-CATHOLIC BURIAL

Can a Catholic who has married a non-Catholic be buried in a non-Catholic cemetery?—M. C. S., Newark, N. J.

Yes. If there is sufficient reason. The pastor will bless the grave.

LUTHER

Please give a concise, truthful statement of the Catholic view of Luther and his Reformation.—E. B., Chicago, Ill.

What was formed by the Son of God needs no reforming by the hands of man. The Catholic Church was formed by Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God; it was formed by Him as a hierarchic institution with Pope, Bishops, Priests, other Ministers, and the Faithful; it was formed with certain sacramental rites, with definite teachings on matters of faith and morals. This Church had existed unchanged up to the time of Luther. Unchanged in its God-given form it still endures and will endure, leaving in the path of history Luther and all other so-called reformers. This Church, formed by the Son of God, Luther tried to re-form. Pope Leo X selected from Luther's writings forty-one propositions in which Luther differed from Catholic teaching; and in the name of Christ and His Church he condemned these false assertions. An action such as Luther's can be regarded by the Church only as rebellion.

There is indeed a true sense in which 'reform' is used in the Church. Every Catholic from the Pope down to the child whose reason has just dawned is obliged to form his or her life on the divine plan of salvation as manifested by the Church of God. Hence, whenever the individual Catholic's life strays from this divine plan, it needs re-forming. No one denies that this manner of reformation was needed and needed very badly in Luther's day; nor would anyone have objected to Luther's efforts in bringing about such a reformation. But instead of trying to reform the individual, instead of trying to make the individual conform to the Church, he tried to re-form what needed no reform—the Church as established by God Himself. Luther's profane tampering with revealed truth resulted in the lamentable condition of affairs with which every student of history is familiar. Whereas the possibilities and blessings of a true reformation can be seen in the work of the Council of Trent and in the renewal of Catholic life consequent upon it.

Luther's revolt came about this way: The proclamation of an indulgence to be gained by contributing to the building of Saint Peter's in Rome had just been issued. On like occasions before, Luther's Community had been given the commission to preach on the subject. This time, however, a Dominican, Johann Tetzel, was selected. He was not a "vender of Papal indul-

gences" as the Standard Dictionary asserts, but was a preacher appointed to show the people what a good work it was to help build Saint Peter's. The indulgence came as a reward for their assistance in this good work. For some reason or other Luther attacked Tetzel; moreover he not only attacked the person of the preacher but he assailed likewise the very doctrine of the Church regarding indulgences. Before long he denied more fundamental teachings, until, finally, forty-one of his assertions were condemned by the Church. The Church warned Luther that he was off the solid foundation of faith and advised him how to get back—that is the simple meaning of her excommunication—but this time he was beyond recall.

Students of Luther find two Luthers, as it were. One is the mythical Luther unfounded or but little founded in true documentary history. This Luther is generally the personification of all that Lutherans admire and hold as ideal: a man with the courage of his convictions, who bravely faced the Popes and proved a noble benefactor of humanity by redeeming men from the slavery and corruption of Romanism.

The other is the Luther of history, the true Luther. We give here the unbiased researches of an American Agnostic while rebuilding his lost faith: "What then had I found at the end of my investigation of the history of Luther? Unquestionably a man of remarkable energy and great ability—qualities which he had used, however, not to reform and unify Christ's Church, but to assail, insult and rend it; and, furthermore, a man whose life shows a grossly immoral nature, immoral conduct, the assertion that man is wholly unable to resist sensual temptations, broken vows to God, a dangerous doctrine of salvation without regard to moral life, a violent reckless style of preaching which produced terrible results to human life and property, a condoning of bigamy in order to retain a Prince in Protestantism, an astounding amount of vile and vituperative language, fierce intolerance of criticism, domineering arrogance in his treatment and translation of the Bible, scurrilous abuse of priests, the Pope and the Holy Mass, a belief in witchcraft and the advocacy of burning witches, and a direct incitement to burn and plunder Jewish houses, property and synagogues." (Rebuilding a Lost Faith, pages 103,104).

ROSA VANOZZA

What became of Rosa Vanozza?—H. B. G., Oak Park, Ill.

Rosa Vanozza de Catenais was the mother of four of the children of Rodrigo Borgia who later became Pope Alexander VI. These children were: the notorious Caesar Borgia; Caesar's two brothers, Juan and Jofre; and his sister, the historic Lucrezia. Vanozza was married three successive times: in 1474 to Domenico of Arignano; in 1480 to a Milanese, Giorgio de Croce; and in 1486 to a Mantuan, Carlo Canale. During the later years of her life she attempted by the purity of her conduct to make amends for her earlier sins. She died in Rome on November 26, 1518, aged seventy six.

THE ADESTE FIDELES

Kindly publish when the "Adeste Fideles" was first sung, and by whom it was composed.—W. E. B., Newark, N. J.

The "Adeste Fideles" was sung in the city of Longon as early as the year 1797. The most popular musical setting has been attributed to a John Reading, an organist of the Winchester cathedral. The author of the hymn is unknown. It has been attributed to Saint Bonaventure, but it is not found in his works.

Martin's Impressions

Chapter III: *The Admirable Light*

By VIOLET O'CONNOR



MARTIN'S first impressions of the Harcourt ménage were not Alice's. He began as it were where she left off, finding at once a pleasant host, a happy hostess, and a comfortable house. Certain things were quite obvious to Kathleen's brother which had not been even visible to her friend. He realized immediately that, whatever outward changes might have occurred since he last stayed with her and Bob, every difference was in some way a sign of changing for the better.

Even the sight of Kathleen's writing room, given up now to her husband's use, did not greatly disturb him, and he was surprised and pleased to find on the mantelpiece a photograph of his mother with her happy smile, sitting in the dear old garden at home. Beside her stood a restless little boy whose head was a blur. Martin had not time the first evening to dwell upon the thoughts the photograph recalled. That came a few days later. He made it his primary business to study Kathleen and to try to find out what was the cause of a change in her which all her friends so fearfully deplored.

Bob referred to the subject by saying that Alice Talbot had complained directly she arrived. "She seemed to find us very changed;" and he added, "Do you?"

"I seem to notice some sort of alteration—improvement," answered Martin, "but I haven't yet quite made out what it is."

"It was a lark," remarked Bob.

"A joke?" asked Martin. "Do you mean that you have changed this room about just for a joke?"

"No, a bird," laughed Kathleen.

"A bird that dropped a feather," supplemented Bob. Then in a whisper: "It was an ugly duckling really." His wife blushed, and Martin understood what Alice Talbot had meant by the impossible nonsense which worried her. It did not worry Martin; he felt that they were almost telling him something, and that before long they would tell him quite.

He saw at once that Kathleen had learned to adapt her cleverness to little homely uses. He liked to see her sitting sewing by the fire. "Her energy bound to a chair by a ball of crimson wool," as Bob explained. But if the wool did act as a

restraining influence, Martin reflected, Kathleen in no way suggested the captive with a bitter heart. Her smile was full of courage and tenderness. Since he last saw her she had gained many qualities, she gave him an impression of earnestness, strength and repose. A woman such as she was now made him feel safe. She seemed to him the very embodiment of peace and kindness. And he noted the tranquility of a countenance which had lost nothing of its vivacity.

Studying her as the days went by, Martin began to understand how it was she had abandoned all her own interests to be free to give sympathy to her crippled husband—and not to need his.

When the mail came in Martin noticed with surprise that nearly all the letters were for Bob, all those of any interest, and he watched Kathleen as she shared, selflessly, in every detail which gave her husband pleasure. Throughout the day she always seemed to be at hand when Bob wanted her to "listen to this" and sometimes Martin ventured to listen too as his presence did not seem objected to. Kathleen took it for granted that he was interested in the new book which Bob was now engaged on and her certainty of an interested listener removed any embarrassment which Bob might otherwise have felt during these readings of manuscript.

The amazing thing was, Martin felt, that his brother-in-law did write well: there were quick short sentences which arrested the attention, there was absolute sincerity of purpose and always a complete grasp of his subject. Whatever his theme, he handled it with intense feeling, a sense of values, and wonderful restraint.

SITTING, listening with Kathleen, Martin made mental notes of the fundamental facts: one was that Bob had vastly more in him than any of his casual acquaintances had ever given him credit for; and the other was that Kathleen was now enamored of humility. She never seemed to be bored or to have any more interesting work of her own on hand. Though always occupied, her occupations were those which could be set aside at a moment's notice for something of her husband's which she preferred to do. She copied his MSS. for him. She showed quite evidently that it was a pleasure to take this little share in his work. She

THE † SIGN

believed in his articles on current topics, she believed in his new book, and her faith encouraged him.

These were the mornings. In the afternoon Kathleen took Martin with her on her rounds of cottages where bundles were collected and returned, and where Martin was still more at a loss to recognize his impatient sister of the old days; though she was still merry.

HOW the children crowded round her! She had always said she wanted a large family. "And now at last I've got nearly as many as my heart can hold," she said. "And it makes me feel the one-ness of all mankind, and the indissolubility of the marriage tie. I don't know if I can explain."

"Try," said Martin kindly.

"The ideal we create—together—that is our production—(it does not always take the form of children): but to realize the ideal one must persevere; it would be impossible to change about from one person to another. Married people are one flesh, one unity, one ideal; and the unity forms the ideal and the ideal is the unity. Do you know what I mean?"

"No," said Martin, "not quite. I have never thought about it very much, but I think that if I did think about it I should understand." He added, "I think you mean that the success of married life depends less on the outward visible form of things than on the inward spiritual grace."

"Yes."

"But how exactly that applies to mending the torn clothes of children I can't quite follow."

"Years ago I used to marvel over the pieces of half-done fancy needlework in shop windows; the women who bought it, and took it home to finish. Then one day I was pondering on the Holy Father's dying injunction to the world 'to restore all things in Christ' and I thought of this plan of collecting from busy mothers the little garments that needed mending."

"You dear!" said Martin.

"I simply love children," said Kathleen, "but Almighty God does not always send children to the women who love them most. That is His Holy Will, and it helps me to feel that we are all one in Him. It does not matter whose stockings want darning, or whose little frock needs a patch—it is one of the little members of the Mystical Body of Christ—and whilst I am sewing I think of His seamless garment, and of the veil of the temple being rent in twain, and I try to restore for the love of God whatsoever I may touch."

Martin said: "Such a way of taking disappointment involves an appreciation of spiritual values."

"These walks do me good," Kathleen said presently. "And Bob likes two or three hours of that freedom from distraction so necessary to a writer."

MARTIN saw she had arranged this for her husband. She spoke invariably of Bob to Martin as of a man engaged upon important work.

"I foresee a future for Bob," she said one day, "surrounded by interested literary friends, but it is too soon yet. We did try, last Spring, but it wasn't a success at all, in talking of literary matters they made the fatal mistake of turning to me!"

"Extraordinary!" burst from Martin, unprepared for a Kathleen so obliterated. Then seeing her look of pain, he turned and kissed her.

"Yes, dear, it will, it will," he added hastily, "all that you want will be. They couldn't resist you. It will only take them, take us all—thick-headed duffers that we are—a little while to recognize the improvement in the new situation."

"It is much better," said Kathleen.

"And your friends are only prevented from seeing it," said Martin "by their very loyalty to you—by their distress that you should sacrifice so much."

Kathleen did not reply for a few minutes, then slowly: "I have always noticed that when one does sacrifice anything one does get it back. Differently: but one gets it better—and a hundredfold."

"Does that apply to books?" queried Martin. "Isn't it rather a large demand upon our faith even in your powers to ask us to look forward to a hundred new books from a pen that is not writing even one?"

"Oh, books!" exclaimed Kathleen, and she slipped her hand into her brother's as they walked; certain that he was very near to the point of view.

He was proud of this sister. He loved her supple figure, her fresh complexion, her clear eyes. But what struck him most was her air of distinction.

"Still what I don't understand," he said; "what I want to know is how do you do it?"

Kathleen was too straightforward to pretend to misunderstand him.

"I pray for grace," she said simply.

"But when?"

"Oh, all the time. Nowadays I really don't do anything. I try just to surrender my will to God's and to let Him work through me."

"You no longer live but Christ lives in you. Do you mean that?" asked Martin softly. She bowed her head.

THEN in a sudden burst, like the Kathleen of old times she poured forth all that she wanted him to know in one long rapid sentence: "You

THE † SIGN

remember that I never really cared for Bob—not enough to give up anything that I wanted to do, I mean; but when he was out in France I realized how fond I was of him and how I should miss him if he got killed, and when at last I heard he was coming back I resolved to make home sweeter to him. The doctors said he was suffering from shock, that he must be dealt with firmly, with good sense and loving care. If I then seemed to devote myself entirely to amusement, the flower garden and novel reading, it was because those were the tonics he needed. Afterwards he began to write.”

“That has puzzled me, I must confess,” put in Martin.

“Yes, I know people thought that Bob had nothing to fall back upon. Well, I had a reserve fund and I gave it to him. The pen for me had served its purpose: it was in daily life now that I saw I should have to practice my exercises. So I resolved whilst raising my thoughts to Heaven to adopt as my weapons upon earth little things and in little things that which was least. (I got that idea from the *Life of the Holy Man of Tours*.) The savage in me could have so easily despised Bob for his weakness. When he was well, his faults did not show so plainly. He was so handsome and jolly, one hardly noticed how he idled about on a wet day, how restless he was on Sunday afternoons. But, after the war, I set myself deliberately to give him my own self-confidence, my consciousness of power, that he might take his place in the world as my superior.”

THERE were tears in her eyes as she said it, tears which, she explained, had really fallen in Flanders on the grave of her savage and of Bob's left foot. “Bob never complained,” she went on; “he just accepted things for himself and for me as being different now.”

“And the discrepancy, I am beginning to see,” said Martin, “is more apparent than real. If your writing room has gone so has Bob's moustach and all that those bristles stood for. One feels now that there is a common ground, that you and Bob have found a meeting place.”

“On the fields of Flanders. You know how he lay for a day and a night before they could get him in. There was a lark singing over head. His groans below and the lark's song up above: earthly sorrow the root of heavenly joy—having Ideals—being ‘the Upper Bird’ all the time. Bob told me about what he thought of during those awful hours. He couldn't really put it into words. You'll understand.”

“Better than Alice could,” said Martin. “So that was the lark.”

“Alice was vexed, I know,” said Kathleen, “about my writing room, but you see we had to make over the smoking room to Wendle. This house isn't very large. We could not afford to live at Oldgate now. We are not so well off as we were before the war. And the writing room is more cheerful for Bob. You don't mind, do you? We were obliged to have some help and Wendle is such a devoted valet we had to make him comfortable. He was Bob's soldier servant. He simply worships Bob. He tells me all the men did, they never saw such pluck. He tells me stories by the hour and is delighted that I find no difficulty in believing them. ‘Bull-Dog-Pluck’ they used to call him. But it's more than that,” she added softly, less sure of her brother's credulity than Wendle was of hers. “Bob's is the courage of the martyrs.”

MARTIN saw that even if Kathleen had never really loved her husband in the old days, at any rate she loved him with her whole heart now. He ventured something to that effect.

“Bob is no longer the same man,” she said. “In the war some husbands died, but others who did not die still never came back. We sent them over handsome happy boys—husbands broken to pieces they sent us back again. How thankful you must be to have your husband back—people used to say to me and I did not answer. I haven't, I haven't, my heart kept crying. My husband never came back—this queer jumpy person with his nerves on edge, this isn't the husband I lent to the world at the beginning of the war!”

“Are you quite dead?” asked Martin.

“Not quite,” said Kathleen, “how jolly of you to say that, Martin! Do you know the story?”

“Only when dead to self, alive to God, the lady and her self-love and the Holy Man of Tours, isn't it?” asked Martin.

“I try to kill it too,” said Kathleen. “Bob and I have learned a lot from him. But, Martin dear, for a change it is so jolly with you just to let myself go.”

“Having let everything else go first?” he suggested. “I wonder have you kept anything?”

“Oh, yes! I kept something.”

“I can't see what—I see you copying manuscripts for Bob all day, sewing for ragged urchins all night.”

“That's it,” said Kathleen.

“That's what?”

“The Ideal.”

“Your Ideal of literature?”

“No, no. It was never that. My Ideal in life I mean. The one thing I always needed was

THE † SIGN

restraint. O Martin! years ago, when I was a girl of fifteen I used to cry over my crucifix because that was what it said to me. It was my book; I needed no other to tell me that cleverness was of no avail; to improve my character I must learn self-restraint. What eloquence there is in the crucifix! Oh, how mine preached to me, explaining heroism, urging me on by the example of our Lord's sacrifice. Think of all that He could have done, the wonderful things, but it helped the world more for Him to submit and die. That is why I used to write. Pen and ink were only my materials for practising. I resolved to keep myself disciplined by hard literary work. I felt that some day I should need will-power; that self-sacrifice would be required of me; and that when the call came I must be prepared."

"And it came?"

"Yes, it came towards the end of the war when my shattered husband was sent back to me. Brave soldiers were ready for peace, and, I asked myself, were we? Had we conquered our self-will? Courageous wounded men deserved to come home to womanly women. We women must circulate a lasting peace on earth, working in silence and faith and prayer and charity to counteract all the cruelty of material force. The time has passed for us to preach and air our opinions on platforms and in print. So the actual story-writing does not matter. I am doing the same work still."

"You have indeed answered the call," said Martin, "and I begin to understand your present life: no excitement, no praise; just humdrum days and patched-up evenings."

"Moulding it, carving it out," said Kathleen, "with a pair of scissors and a needle and thread—an Ideal, an atmosphere, what shall I call it—the beauty of married life."

"The Peace of God," said Martin.

"That He may reign over our home; that I may be, by doing the Will of God, His Mother, I have set myself nine years to form this Child in my heart—the Child of Bethlehem—a novena of years, but I cannot really explain, it is something beyond all words—one sometimes gets a Light upon it. The Admirable Light as Mother used to call it long ago."

AFTER that talk Martin reviewed the whole situation over a quiet smoke in his own room, remembering Alice Talbot's letter and all that had puzzled her in the conduct of the Harcourt's home. There was only one thing which puzzled him. For each of Alice's perplexities he had found an explanation and he could have written to her and have set her mind at ease. He thought out the letter:

(1). If Bob's infirmity is never mentioned it is by his wish.

(2). Only lately has he felt sure enough of himself to have visitors at home. He was not certain whether he and Kathleen could "keep it up" so happily with the constraint of onlookers.

(3). He is now learning her determination to carry an idea through. Considering how used he had been to an active life, his patience and resignation are marvellous.

(4). The penny forfeit for unguarded conversation is their equivalent for Evelyn's hand over her mouth.

(5). His valet instead of her maid is due to Bob's need and a lesser income.

(6). Kathleen's care to dress becomingly and look her best is in order that her husband may feel comfortable about her happiness.

(7). Her very hat of black and blue and gold signifies that there is a radiance in their lives which prevents them from mourning for what they have lost. (Blue is Our Lady's color and Our Lady preferred the Will of God).

(8). Kathleen's sewing, her scheme of mending for the poor is, to my mind, a work on a par with the best piece of writing she ever did.

(9). She is leading a beautiful life, taking the commonplace things of everyday and living nobly amongst them. I see Kathleen as having joyfully accepted a heavy cross.

(10). It is quite easy to understand the Harcourts if one regards their actions as symbolic of some lovely thought.

Still one thing bothers me: I don't quite see Bob's point of view yet. There is much more in him than I had ever imagined and he must realize all that his wife has given up. So this is my puzzle: In what light does it present itself to his mind?

THUS Martin might have written, if writing explanatory letters had been at all in his line; but it wasn't. For years he had made a habit of not answering a letter till the last possible minute and then by sending a wire. He liked Alice Talbot for being so devoted to Kathleen and he felt it incumbent upon him to set her mind at rest; so he got up and stretched himself and knocked the ash from his pipe and put it into his pocket. Then he strolled down to the village and telegraphed: "It is all right."

But how right it was even Martin did not know till that last evening when he sat alone with Bob in what had been Kathleen's writing room and talked about her and his mother.

(To be continued)

Week-End Retreats for Laymen

By C. P. Williams



WEEK-END Retreats for Laymen are of comparatively recent origin in the United States. They began in this country in 1909 under the direction of Rev. Terence J. Shealy, S. J. Since then a generous response has been given to the movement, and today on all sides of us, we find many houses devoted to this great work. The Passionist Fathers have always taken a vital interest in the work of laymen's retreats, and at present have retreat houses in the following cities: St. Gabriel's Monastery, Boston, Mass., St. Paul's Retreat House, Pittsburg, Pa., St. Ann's Monastery, Scranton, Pa., Holy Cross College, Dunkirk, N. Y., and the Retreat House of the Immaculate Conception, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

In view of the popularity that this movement has attained in such a short time, it is natural for the thinking Catholic laymen to ask himself the question, What is a retreat, and why should I make one? In this article the writer will endeavor to answer these questions.

A retreat is a short period of time spent in spiritual exercises, meditation and prayer, in order to strengthen the forces of the soul. It is a few days given to the consideration of the greatest business of life, our eternal salvation. It is a time of spiritual stock-taking, when a man examines himself and discovers his real condition before Almighty God. He looks deep down into his mind and heart, to see what are the principles, the motives that are animating his life; whether he is guided by the maxims of the world and the flesh, or by those of God and the spirit. He reviews the past to see whether he has gained or lost in the spiritual warfare, and he makes his plans for success in the future.

For three days he lives in the cloistered solitude and quiet of the Retreat House. During the periods of silence, he meditates in the solitude of his room upon the lessons, so calmly yet effectively taught during the conferences in the chapel. He is away from the world, its feverish activity, its noise and its distractions. He is far from the turmoil and strife of shop, factory and office, and he has time for reflection upon the true value of life, and can get a true perspective of its real issues. In the scales of calm reason he weighs pleasure against virtue, heaven against hell, time against eternity. The shortness of life, the folly of world-

liness, dawn upon him with a convincing clarity he has never before known. At the foot of the Cross, he reads in the wounds of Christ Crucified the infinite wickedness of sin. In contemplation of the glorious Resurrection, he learns the endless reward of a life well-spent. With sadness for his past misdeeds, yet filled with joyous gratitude, he kneels at the feet of God's representative in the tribunal of penance. There he pours forth the age-old story of human weakness, and arises free from sin, God's friend once more. At holy Mass he receives into his bosom the Body and Blood of Christ, the source of his life and his strength. At the end of the retreat he receives the Papal Blessing which wipes out completely in God's sight all temporal punishment due for his past offenses. With a pure heart and a confirmed will he goes forth again to meet the temptations of daily life.

THIS is what is meant by a week-end retreat, and any thinking man can easily realize how necessary such an experience is in his life at the present day. We are living in an era of materialism and rationalism. The mental atmosphere we breathe from our daily newspapers and our business and social intercourse is charged with a spirit of doubt, of unbelief and of utter worldliness. The sensualism and the evil that surround us on all sides tend to cloud our spiritual vision and gradually to develop in us the belief, that there is nothing else in life to live for beyond earthly enjoyment and earthly success, and that to succeed in this way is to realize the highest ambition to which one can aspire. False theories in religion and morals are continually being broadcasted, and almost without our knowing it, they poison our thoughts, pervert our ideals and weaken the divine vigor and health of the faith within us. We are very liable to be infected with the spirit of the world; indifference in matters of belief, a tolerance of false standards of honesty in business, political corruption, impatience of parental, civil and ecclesiastical authority, and with its many other perverse principles. These effects are produced slowly and unconsciously in our souls; but produced, nevertheless.

In the phenomenon of nature, which we lately witnessed—the eclipse of the sun—the moon slowly passed over the face of this great solar body and little by little shut off its light; so, unless we are constantly on our guard the dense fog of worldly ideas enters into our souls and obscures the light of

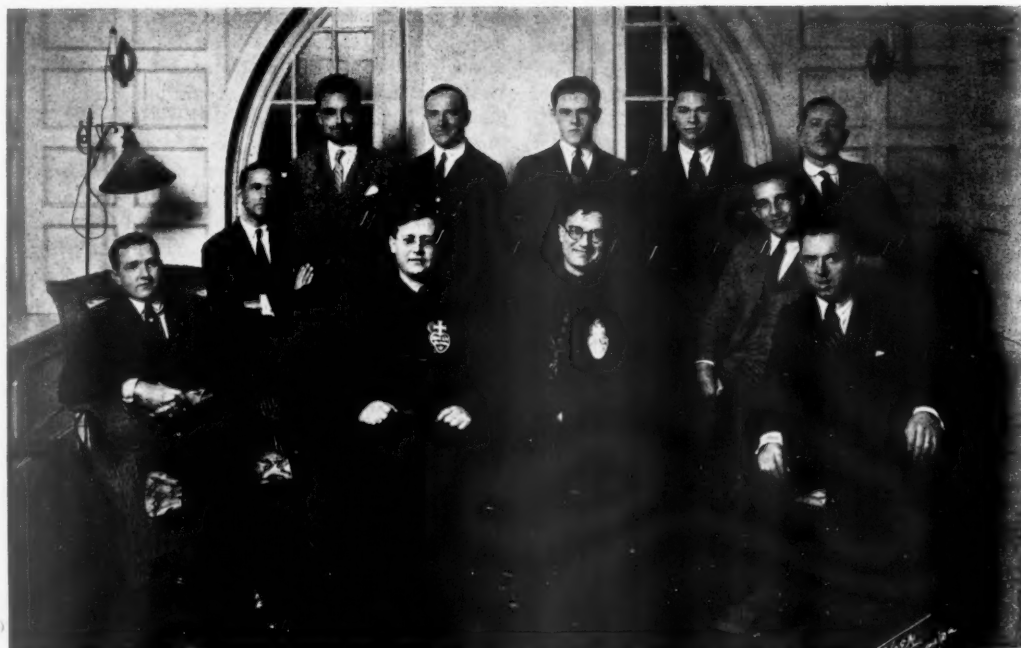
THE † SIGN

faith and darkens our understanding. It becomes very difficult for the average man to remain constant and firm in his loyalty to the Church and to the principles of his faith. He needs something that will counteract these harmful influences upon his spiritual life, something that will enable him to keep his balance, so to say, that will give him correct ideas in regard to the relative value of things spiritual and things material. It is most advisable for him, as a matter of protection to his holy faith, to withdraw from this polluted atmosphere and to climb to clearer and holier heights where he can breathe in the pure air of God's truths. It is well for him to come apart at times and to dwell for a while in serious thought on the ennobling teachings of Christ which are the only guiding principles of human conduct and the only medicine and antidote against these evils. Now this is what is done in week-end retreats. During that time the retreatant realizes the true meaning of life; the purpose of God in placing him in this world; the proper use of the creatures He has set about us; the destiny we must aim at; and the means by which it can be best attained.

It is not difficult to see what a wonderful effect such an experience will have upon a man's life. He leaves the monastery and returns to the world a far different man. Into his home he brings love, patience, forbearance. To his trade or profession

he carries honesty and justice in all his dealings. Among his companions he is marked for his clean tongue and devotion to truth. In his parish he becomes an indefatigable aid to his pastor in the furtherance of all good works. To all with whom he associates he becomes a living example, giving the lie to those who scoff at religion and who scandalize others by the folly of their ways. To him the world seems a holier and happier place, for it has been lighted up, or rather transfigured with a newer and higher meaning. He has discovered a charm against its snares, and a mighty protecting power, in the sacramental helps, against its evil attractions.

Such is the retreat movement that is becoming so wide-spread throughout our land. It is a wonderful opportunity for our Catholic men. It not only benefits them personally, but also all with whom they come in contact. It strengthens them in their holy faith and in its practices, and makes them the leaven of the world. We hope that the day is not far distant, when retreat houses for laymen will dot our land, like spiritual fortresses, from which our men will be sent forth as trained soldiers of Christ to fight the battle of God. Today we need Knights of the Faith tried in the fires of discipline, drilled in the school of penance, and imbued with the ardor of Crusaders. In other words we need retreat-trained men.



FIRST RETREAT FOR LAYMEN HELD IN THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MONASTERY, JAMAICA, L. I.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



OUR PARTICIPATION IN THE PASSION



E say that the soul of our Faith is Jesus living in the Blessed Sacrament. Around Him centers all our faith, love and devotion. *But it is as the Victim of Calvary that Christ is in the Holy Eucharist.* He

comes into the Host only during the Sacrifice of the Mass, and then only as Christ Crucified—the Victim of Calvary. That is why we call the Blessed Sacrament the “Host,” from the Latin word “Hostia” meaning “Victim.” That is why the crucifix is above the Tabernacle—to remind us that within the Tabernacle is the Victim of the Cross, with the prints of the nails in His hands and feet and the wound in His side, just as they are in His Glorified body in heaven.

Thus we say more exactly that *the soul of our Faith* is Christ Crucified living among us in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar.

Now, why has our Blessed Lord willed to come to us and to remain among us only as the Sacrifice of the Cross? Because He wishes to teach us that we, too, must become sacrifices to God. Not only that, but just as Christ Himself was the High-Priest on Calvary and is the High-Priest in the Mass who offers Himself as His own sacrifice, so we too must be the priests who offer ourselves as our sacrifice to God. For as St. Peter says: “We are a chosen people, a kingly priesthood.”

The nearer we come to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the more we try to imitate Him; the closer our lives will resemble the sacrifice of Himself to His Father. This is the sum of the life of the follower of Christ,—to make himself and his life a perfect sacrifice to God; to make himself resemble our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; to make his life resemble the sacrifice of the Mass, offering himself and sacrificing himself completely.

And if we follow out this idea in our lives, more and more we shall see how our lives really become a participation in the Passion of Christ.

Take, for example, the trials and difficulties of everyday life. Naturally we feel a repugnance to them, just as our Lord felt a repugnance to His

chalice of suffering as it presented itself to Him in the Garden of Gethsemane. Now, if we try to follow our Lord we also must bow our heads in submission to the Divine Will and say with Christ: “Father, not my will but Thine be done.” Every time we do this we participate in the Passion of Christ.

Suppose we have been detracted and calumniated. Instinctively we feel we must have revenge. The thought of our Lord’s prayer on the Cross: “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do” comes to our mind. Trying to follow our Lord instead of our own natural inclinations, we make the same prayer. This is participating in the Passion of our Lord.

Take the young men and the young women today who are trying to be pure and clean of heart: the husband and wife who are trying to be faithful to their marriage vows: the father and mother who are toiling and slaving to bring up a large family in the love and fear of God; take all those Catholics who are meeting the daily temptations of life and bearing the daily burdens—these people are following our Lord in the Carrying of His Cross. And if they try to bear their crosses in union with our Lord, even though it crushes them to earth again and again they are truly participating in our Lord’s Sacred Passion.

We have seen, in the previous meditation, how from all eternity the Blessed Trinity worked out all the details of the Passion of Christ. So, too, from all eternity, was planned our participation in the Passion, even to its finest details. Each one of us must participate.

Every time we strive to imitate our Lord in His Passion, we follow out the plans of God, we bring glory to Christ, and more and more we overcome the difficulties of life by making His Wisdom and Power, our wisdom and power.

And our Lord saw each one of us in the different scenes of His Sacred Passion as though we were the only ones in the world. When He sought for consolation and sympathy from His three Apostles, in the Garden of Gethsemane and found them asleep, He saw how He would seek consolation from

THE † SIGN

us, how He would wish us to console Him in His sufferings for us, and He finds us also indifferent and ungrateful.

On the other hand every time we compassionate our Lord in His sufferings, we help to lighten the agony in Gethsemane.

When Veronica wiped the Face of Christ on the way to Calvary, He saw us trying to console Him in His Passion. When He heard the good thief cry out in confession of his own sins, and his love for our Divine Master, our Lord saw us confessing our guilt and our loyalty to Him. As He looked down from the Cross on His Mother and Saint John and Mary Magdalen and the holy women, Christ saw us as often as we stand beneath that Cross and try to lighten His sufferings by our love and compassion.

This is the thought that ought to encourage us, to work out our lives together with our Lord in the sacrifice that He made of Himself to His Father. Thus little by little, we shall become more united to Him, and more like unto Him, heartened by the promise that if we suffer with Him, we also shall be glorified with Him.

Now, let us suggest a very simple and yet very sure way to keep your hearts close to our Lord in His Passion, and thus to make them more and more burn with love for Him.

Each morning, before you begin the toil of the day, kneel down, if it be only for a moment, and take in your hand a little crucifix. It may be the crucifix on your rosary beads or any other crucifix. Then, look at the Figure upon that cross,—your God, your Creator, your Redeemer, your Lover. He suffered all that for love of each one of you just as though you were the only one in the world. All He asks is that during this day you try to love Him in return, that you try to live for Him as He lived and died for you. Then, let the thought of your Crucified Lover go with you during the day. You will not sin, because sin crucified Him. You will not be cast down by any trial or sorrow, because you can bear these in company with the Man

or Sorrows. You will find a new joy in your pleasures, a joy that He alone can give you.

Do this little act each morning. And just before you lie down at night, take your crucifix once more, look at our Lord again, and ask yourself if during the day you have tried to live for Him. If not, tell Him you are sorry and are going to do better next day. If you perform these two little

actions each day, you will find inevitably that more and more you are drawing closer to our Lord in His Passion, and making His Wisdom and Power your own in your everyday life, while there is springing up in your heart a love deeper, and stronger and more powerful than anything you have ever before imagined, bringing with it a happiness that the world knows nothing of, but which makes all its pleasures seem empty in comparison.

The very least return we can make to anyone who has done us a favor is to remember the goodness that prompted him in favoring us. Needless to say, our Lord has done us the greatest of favors in actually dying for us. The practice of the simple devotion outlined above will serve the

double purpose of helping you to remember His goodness to you and will, besides, be of great assistance to you in conforming your life to the ideal He sets before you. In cultivating this devotion, Christ Crucified will no longer be to you a mere memory. He will become, rather, what He should be to every redeemed soul—a living, palpitating Personality Whose presence is almost sensibly felt and Whose influence dominates and directs your life.

RESOLUTION: I shall try to bear all the difficulties and sufferings of my life in union with our Lord in His Passion.

ASPIRATION: Passion of Christ, strengthen me.

INTENTION: The intention for the Archconfraternity of the Passion for April is the second intention of the Holy Father for the Jubilee Year: "The return of all those outside the Church to the Faith of their Fathers."

THINKING

THAT wonderful saint of our time, popularly known as the Little Flower of Jesus, has left us a story of herself at the age of seven.

One day the good nun who taught her in school asked her what she did with herself on holidays. The little girl answered timidly: "I hide myself in a corner of my room, and I think." "And what do you think about?" "Well, I think about the good God, how short life is, and how long eternity is."

"But I know now," said the Little Flower afterward, "that what I was really doing was praying, while Our Divine Master gently instructed me."

In these Passion Meditations, the word "Meditation" is a big word. But all that it means is—"thinking,"—thinking, as the Little Flower did, about our Lord's sufferings for us, and letting Him gently instruct us.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Joyful Easter

By ANNA A. TANSEY

There's a wondrous happy story
On a theme we love so well—
How our blessed Lord and Savior
Once descended into Hell.
'Twas preceding Easter morning
When the joyous visit came
To the holy souls expectant
And he knew his friends by name.

In the Father's home in Heaven
From the gateway to the dome
Sounded angel songs of welcome
To the faithful coming home.
Jesus died to win their freedom—
And that bright and happy throng
Now beckon us from Heaven
With their Alleluia song.

In An Age of Celestial Wonders

By MARY DODGE TEN EYCK

Chrysanthus of Rome was a student. He was the son of Polemius, a wealthy senator. Wisdom and virtue went together in the young pagan who became interested in the mysterious Christians, and studied their faith. Finally an old hermit baptized him. About a week later he began preaching our Lord and many were converted. Learning of his son's actions, Polemius grew very angry. He tried by every means to turn him from Christ. Chrysanthus was locked in his room and fed but once a day.

"If you wish to change your son," suggested a wicked counselor, "try him with pleasures; make him forget he is a Christian."

The senator took this advice. With luxuries and pleasures he fought the spirituality of Chrysanthus. Again the youth was locked in a room, this time filled with flowers and companions dressed like goddesses. He mistrusted such a display and knelt in prayer. A great silence spread over the room. A strange and deep sleep fell on everyone but Chrysanthus.

Polemius, surprised at the quiet, peeped in. The sight of the slumbering musicians and companions whom he expected to find in revolting revelry amazed him. He called his household to look. After a day and night of this mysterious coma, the sleeping men and women were carried out. They tried to return

but were scarcely within the doorway, when slumber again beset them.

"Magic!" the senator cried.

"Let us seek an intelligent person to reason with him," prompted an old man, "I know one. She is beautiful and her mind will surely triumph over him."

He spoke of a girl named Daria, who had dedicated herself to the goddess Minerva. She was as good as she was lovely. Polemius gladly led her to his son and left them together. Both were cultured. Chrysanthus told Daria of Christianity, while she in turn argued for paganism. It was a learned discourse, which with the grace of God finally led Daria to Christianity. In a short time they spread the Gospel among their friends, and numbers of them became Christians.

But enemies of the young couple reported them to the Prefect of the city. He ordered Claudius, a tribune, to have his soldiers torment Chrysanthus until he sacrificed to the gods. Led to the temple the youth refused to obey and his arms and legs were bound with moistened skins that, when dry, would dig into his bones. But as soon as the leathers were knotted they fell apart. He was then cast into prison, again bound, but the triple cord fell away. They threw filthy water over him and there arose a sweet perfume from it. Next he was put into the skin of a calf and led out into the sun's heat that dogs might nip at him. But again God spared him and he came from the skin, well and rejoicing.

Claudius assured his soldiers that all this was done by magic, and then meekly asked Chrysanthus to renounce Christianity. The young man silently prayed for the tribune's conversion and replied, "What are these things you call gods but mere statues?"

Yielding to his first impulse Claudius ordered Chrysanthus flogged. But the iron rods became soft; and the tribune believed in the God of the Christians. He spoke to his soldiers and his brave humility was marvelous. A full cohort of men with Claudius and his family were baptized that day.

Hearing of this conversion the Emperor commanded that a stone be tied about Claudius' neck and that he be thrown into the sea. The entire cohort was beheaded. Speedily these new converts won martyrs' crowns.

More orders followed. The Christians buried the soldiers' bodies in an old monument on the Via Maura. Hilaria, the widow of Claudius, often went there to pray. One day she too was taken before the Emperor for the crime of Christianity. Begging a moment she returned to the monument. Kneeling there she beseeched our Lord to spare her from an awful trial for her faith. Her prayer was heard. When the pagans went in after her she was dead. Two of her maids buried her beside her husband.

Meanwhile Chrysanthus lay bound in the Mamertine prison. Daria was brought before the Emperor who made all manner of promises to her, if she would

THE † SIGN

but give up her faith. She refused. Then he cast her into a horrible place amid insults and dangers. But God always protects faithful souls. To Daria He sent a lion, escaped from the Coliseum. The beast hurled the first tormentor to the ground and standing above the man looked towards Daria, who spoke gently to him, "I beseech you, by the Son of God, that you permit him to hear what I have to say."

The lion released his victim but guarded the door of Daria's prison. She turned to her tormentor: "You see the lion, having heard the name of Christ, worships God; but you, gifted with reason, are loaded with crimes!"

"Let me but depart safe and I will preach to everybody that the Christ you adore is the only true God!" implored the young man. But when she allowed him to go, he rushed out, crying aloud that she was a goddess.

Anyone that approached was cast to the ground by the lion and held fast at Daria's feet. "If you believe in Christ," she said, "you may go away in safety; but if not, let your own gods free you."

"He that does not believe Christ to be the true God, let him not go out of this place alive!" exclaimed several converts who, when they were freed, called aloud through the city, "Believe, O Romans! there is no God but Christ, Whom Daria preaches!"

When the Prefect ordered Daria's prison fired the faithful lion showed his first sign of fear. But Daria comforted him. "Be not afraid; you will not perish by fire, nor be captured, nor killed. Go away in peace, for He Whom you have honored in me will protect you!" The lion went out through the city untroubled by anyone. All whom he had spared in the room with Daria were baptized.

Finally when this strange news spread to the Emperor he ordered Daria and Chrysanthus to be put to death by cruellest tortures if they would not sacrifice. Chrysanthus was suspended in armoury, but the instrument fell to pieces and torches of fire were extinguished. Fear and pain filled anyone who dared touch Daria. The Emperor called these magical arts and commanded the two to be buried alive. They were taken to a pit outside the Salarian gate where a great crowd who followed flung stones upon them. Their hymns of praise grew fainter, then stilled, as they were buried beneath the stones.

People flocked to the tomb of Daria and Chrysanthus while miracles and conversions became constant. Then Numerian, the Emperor, ordered every vestige of the place destroyed. So ends another sketch of the glories of God and of His servants who, having followed Him faithfully in the way of the Cross, share eternally in the triumph of His Resurrection.

Let's Cross Words Again

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE:

```

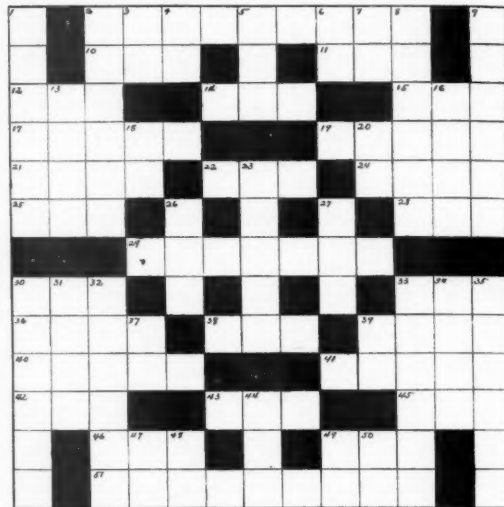
C H I N A * C O R E S
H O N O R * A D O R E
A R I D * I * E D E N
I S * * I N N * * C F
R E A L * K * S M T U
* * H A S * A A A *
H O * R E * S V * A S
U * A G E * K I N * I
E X * E D * S O * N G
S * A R * U * R I * N
* E M * U S A * N O *
  
```

Among the many answers to the puzzle in our last issue we note that no one stated how long it required to work the puzzle. This month we are presenting Mr. Bartiste's contribution for the benefit of our Juniors. Perhaps our Juniors will find this a little

difficult. If so, Juniors, ask No. 30 down to help you. Together you should solve the puzzle in 25 minutes at most. Try it in your spare time.

Remember that Cross Word Puzzles should mean more to our Juniors than so much idle time. When you have solved the difficult definitions memorize the answers so that the information will be real education.

Daddy wishes you all a happy No. 9.

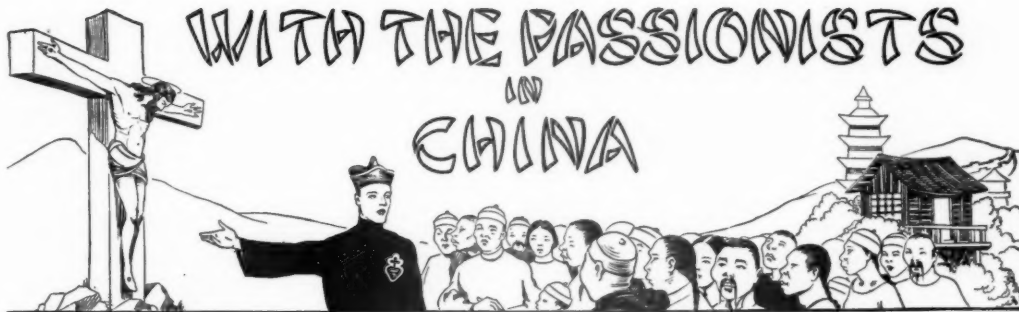


ACROSS

2. An outward sign of grace.
10. To strike gently.
11. Part of the foot.
12. North American Republic. (abbr.)
15. Definite article, neuter. (German)
17. Man's name. A martyr of Hereford.
19. A small fish.
21. Name of the 2nd Pope. (abbr.)
22. Auditory organ.
24. Beast of burden.
25. Used to carry bricks.
28. Spoil.
29. The Redeemer.
30. A woven article used on floor.
33. Diminutive of Henry
36. Verbal.
38. What Apostles let down into the sea.
39. Seal with wax.
40. Male voice.
41. Opposite of gaudy.
42. Same as No. 34.
43. Visual organ.
45. Kettle.
46. A prime count.
49. Pronoun.
51. A Sacrament.

DOWN

1. Bark of Peter.
2. A play presented.
3. Double AA.
4. Congregation of the
5. Passion. (Abbr.)
6. Those who will be judged.
7. And. (Latin)
8. Reply of disobliging person.
9. Liturgical hymn of thanksgiving.
10. A festival.
11. A lone voice.
12. In manner of. (Italian) Musical Phrase.
13. Name of a letter of the alphabet.
14. Two thousand. (Roman)
15. Command of Angel on Last Day.
16. Name of Ireland's patron. (Dim.)
17. A Consecrated Woman.
18. None dearer on earth.
19. Tract of land.
20. A Proprietary Medicine.
21. Abode of the Blessed.
22. A melody.
23. Pertaining to the penitential season.
24. Behold!
25. 150. (Roman)
26. Pronoun.
27. Company. (abbr.)
28. Same as No. 18.
29. Staten Island. (abbr.)
30. Hail!



The Missionary of Kienyang - - - A Miraculous Escape - - - The Sidewalks of Shenchowfu - - - Gemma's League

The Missionary of Kienyang

By FATHER KEVIN MURRAY, C. P.

THE brave heroic missionary at Kienyang informed us through the pages of *THE SIGN* that he felt like a prisoner, because he could not leave the city. He felt the loss of a brisk walk through the country and the visits occasionally to Fathers Timothy and Quentin at Yuanchow. The bandits, thoughtless of his charity and the good he came to do, were ready to make him prisoner and hold him for a large ransom or perhaps injure him because he was a foreigner and condemned their lawlessness. The following letter shows us his fears were well grounded and of all the missionaries in Hunan Father Kevin certainly has the best claim to our sympathy and fervent prayers. For three days he kept a kind of diary and now shows it to us:

October 21

This morning I never thought I would be writing these lines tonight. For weeks back the bandits have been gathering in strength just about ten miles from Kienyang. Father Timothy, at the request of Father Dominic, started on a trip to Shenchowfu, but he did not get far from his mission when he had to return. The bandits, two thousand of them, were on one side of the river defying the soldiers on the opposite side. It would have been tempting Providence to continue his journey.

The city here for the past month has had only a small quota of soldiers. Because of their small number, they left the place yesterday when they heard that the bandits planned an attack. At daybreak this morning eight hundred of the bandits entered the city. As it was soldierless, you can imagine what followed the entrance of these vicious cut-throats.

About six o'clock I realized this day was going to be far from pleasant. The soldiers on the other side of the river running away from the bandits did not fail to get a few shots at them, which aggravated them more than ever. It was reported a week ago on the streets that the bandits were after three men in Kienyang; two of them were rich merchants and the third happened to be myself. It was true they were after me, for quite a few of them immediately headed for the Catholic Mission. Of course they found the gates locked; and began at once to chop them down.

Fear was on every face within the Mission. As the bandits continued their devilish work, I consumed the Blessed Sacrament and hid the sacred vessels and whatever was of value in the place. Then concealed myself in the best place to be found—under the rafters of the roof. When they had chopped a small hole through the door, they fired one shot which pierced the inner gate and glanced off the church door. I found the bullet later.

While lying under the roof, I promised the Little Flower, Blessed Teresa of the Child Jesus, that I would offer a Novena of Masses if she would send some soldiers to rescue us. We had reports for several days that soldiers were coming from Yuanchow to garrison the city. At the providential moment these soldiers arrived on the scene, and the bandits fled as fast as they could go across a pontoon bridge to the other side of the river.

The soldiers from Yuanchow are in league with the bandits. So to place myself and the inmates of the Mission at ease, I immediately invited one of these soldiers to guard the Mission for ten days. If the bandits returned, which looked probable, he must speak kind words to them and persuade them not to harm the Mission or myself. If he fails to keep off the bandits, he

PURE WHITE BABY SOULS FOR HEAVEN! LET THEM BE YOUR EASTER-LILIES.



FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE SETTING OUT TO MAKE THE ROUNDS OF HIS MISSIONS.

Notice how he has to carry bedding, clothing, food and Mass supplies

loses the bonus promised. He agreed to this condition. If these Yuanchow troops had not appeared on the scene, the bandits would have entered the Compound within a half hour's time, for the hole they had chopped in the gate was big enough for any man to crawl through.

It is certain that if the bandits succeeded in entering the Mission, I would not be writing these lines now. They would never have given up the search until they found me. I would now be up the mountains with my life at stake or else held for a ransom. If they had attacked my former quarters, their entrance would have been easy. This new place, which I secured three months ago, has already paid for itself in keeping the robbers out.

Most of the men who looted the town today are what might be called "Gentlemen Bandits." They do not wear soldier's clothes but are all well dressed. They have soft hats and some of them had even wrist watches. Of course they carried a gun or a knife with them. Those who came to the Mission also had an ax,—bad manners to them for destroying our good gate! Those who were not intent on breaking into the Mission went around the rest of the houses stealing all they could find. They carried off many young girls and a large booty.

The Compound is completely surrounded by a very high wall. The bandits attacked the main entrance. There is another small door in the rear, which was originally built as a trap door in case of fire or to facilitate escape from bandits. In today's experience it was out of the question to use either door to escape. I had no intention of fleeing. I felt it was my duty to remain at my post, and to protect the Christians in the

Mission as much as possible. If the bandits got in and found me, all that I could do was to surrender myself into their hands.

Thanks be to God and to Our Blessed Mother and the Saints, the many fervent prayers offered for my protection, brought me and the Christians through the ordeal safely. I always believed prayer could keep the devil away and thwart his efforts. Today I met human devils and fervent prayers conquered them. I'll have to quit writing. Though it is late, I am still quivering with nervous tension. I hope tomorrow will not repeat today's experience.

October 22

Last evening I retired as usual, but the thought that the bandits might again attack the city during the night made it impossible for me to get any sleep for a long time. I heard every hour of the clock strike until one o'clock and then I knew no more until five in the morning. I called the Christians for morning prayers and Mass. Needless to say my Mass of the novena was offered in heartfelt thanks to God and to Blessed Teresa for our safe deliverance from yesterday's trial.

After Mass, I learned that the bandits had looted the south side of the city outside the walls. They surely wanted to clean up the place. The consoling news came this morning that a large



FATHER CONSTANTINE LEACH AND HIS BOY

CAN YOU LOOK AT THE CRUCIFIX AND THEN REFUSE?

HAVE YOU A LITTLE "EASTER EGG" FOR SOME CHINESE BABY?

consignment of troops under the leadership of General Tsao Si Lin were on their way from Yuanchow to take care of Kienyang. The people will welcome them with open arms, and for some time at least we ought to have protection from these bandits.

Many of the Christians came in today to inform me of all the things the bandits had taken from them. They wanted to know if I was afraid of them, and since truth always sounds best, I said: "Why sure I was afraid, not so much for myself as for the people in the Mission." I just received another bit of information relating to yesterday's attack on the Mission. One of the men was on the upper floor overlooking the front gate when the bandits made their appearance. He was curious and daring enough to look out through one of the windows. He says the bandits looked up and saw the characters over the gate reading: "Catholic Mission." One of them told his colleagues not to harm the place. His words evidently had some effect for they started off immediately in a different direction. But a short distance away, they retraced their steps to the Mission and cried out: "We want to get in. Open the gate, or we will chop it down." Without waiting for answer they began their dastardly work.

Perhaps if all the bandits were inspired with the same sentiments as the chap who tried to hold off his companions from breaking into the Mission, we would never have to worry about them. The case is otherwise. What can be expected from a godless band of ruffians!

October 23

The third day after the bandits attacked the city still finds a little fear among the people but



ONE OF OUR MISSION CHAPELS



FATHERS TIMOTHY AND QUENTIN

peace is restored to a great extent. The gentlemen bandits considered kidnapping yesterday, and took away merchants who were supposed to be rich. They did this in the presence of passing soldiers, which only goes to show that they are in league with the bandits.

The first part of the army of ten thousand soldiers arrived in the city. Having traveled the entire day over the mountains, they were tired out and hungry. When an army comes to town, the soldiers run here and there looking for a place to sleep and eat. They often demand a night's lodging. The people have a horror of incoming troops, not so much for the fact they want the use of their homes but for one reason they invariably sack the house when leaving. This happened only this morning when the other soldiers were retiring from the city.

Of course, some of the new soldiers came to the Mission gate demanding a place to sleep and some food. I let them howl until they got tired and went away. The Catholic Mission is supposed to be exempt from invasion, but the majority of the troops never stop to remember this fact. Through the kindness of Father Timothy, I received a proclamation from the General of these soldiers, which speaks for itself. No soldier of the army; if he cares for his head, will dare to enter or to cause trouble to the Mission. In the act of posting up this proclamation on the front gate, several soldiers passed by and gave the notice the once over. They saw that it came from their own superior officer, and that it meant "Hands Off," or suffer the consequences.

It is hard to say when the warring factions in China will learn the meaning of peace. Hunan at this date is in a

CHINESE BABIES WISH YOU A "HAPPY EASTER" LET US SEND THEM YOUR REPLY.

terrible upheaval because of Generals contending against one another for control of the Province. If the gospel of peace would only be accepted by these leaders, the face of China would be renewed.

Well, I have been through my first experience with the bandits. I am none the worse for it, and did not turn gray over it. My health is excellent. I can not complain of anything, not even of my isolation. Next year I hope to get a companion from the new missionaries at Shenchowfu. If, however, the way from Shenchow is no safer than at present, I see where I must sacrifice a companion indefinitely. Fathers Timothy, Quentin, and myself are in the hot-bed of the bandit region. Whichever way we travel, we run risks of being caught and held for ransom. Nearly all the priests in China have to cross the paths of bandits. Some have more trouble than others. We are in recognized bandit territory. Two thirds of the towns and villages in our section, places where mission stations will have to be established, are now occupied by bandits.

The progress of evangelizing such a class of people will in truth be a miracle of grace. But God's arm is never shortened, and in His own good time the Missionaries can claim among their converts a number of these unfortunate men. Only today my attention was called to this very point. Some pagans remarked to the Christians that the Catholic Mission received bandits into its flock. My first thought was that this might be a calumny against the Church. On inquiry, I found out that the individuals in question were known as bandits before their entrance into the Church. Now that they are baptized Christians, it was up to them to live according to the teaching and practice of the Church. If the Divine Master was accused of being the friend of publicans and sinners, his ambassadors can bear the reproach of having exbandits in their flock. If men could only read our hearts as God does, calumny and misunderstanding would be unknown.

About three weeks ago I spent a few days at Yuanchow with Father Quentin, who was alone at the time, as Father Timothy had started for Shenchowfu. Father Quentin is in the best of health and fulfilling all the pastoral duties with zest. Very soon he hopes to be able to preach his first formal sermon in Chinese. On my return to Kienyang, I found Father Timothy waiting for me. It was impossible for him to go to Shenchow. He is

just as cheerful and happy as ever. His zeal is inspiring. I wish to thank my good friends and benefactors in America for all they are doing for me and for these poor people. God bless them superabundantly and give them more and more of His rich gifts and every happiness they desire.

A Miraculous Escape

By FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C. P.

It was the third day after leaving Shenchowfu, at a little place called Lung Tung, that a band of over thirty bandits swooped down on our boat and five others that were tied up for the night. Just at mid-night I was awakened by the report of guns. At first I thought it was raining and the noise was a clap of thunder. Asking what was the matter, I was told we were surrounded by the bandits or as Chinese call them "To-Fei." As my boat was the largest of all, they made for it first.

My boy told them that the Sen Fu was on board. When they heard this, they told the boy they would not molest me. I did not feel over confident that these rascals would keep their word. However, they left the boat I was in and began to ransack the one next to it. With all the nerve I could muster, I went out and called to the bandits asking them who they were and what they wanted. The leader replied, saying: "Sen Fu, have no fear; we will not trouble you. We will not steal your things."

This made me feel more at ease. But perhaps these gents might change their minds, and after finishing the other boats might come back and see what the foreigner had. I realized the safest and



PULLING A BOAT ON THE YANGTSE RIVER

REMEMBER: EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER IS A NEW FRIEND FOR CHINA.

best place for me was in my boat and so I returned to my bunk. All during the sacking, the bandits who kept watch were firing off their guns to intimidate the boat people and at the same time to warn them what would happen if they dared to resist. So I made a barricade of two pillows and watched the robbery.

From the flickering glare of the torches they carried, these robbers looked like devils in the flesh and you could see murder written in their faces. What surprised me was that the poor people being robbed did not utter a sound in protest. Perhaps they knew the Chinese bandits too well to make any outcry or resistance.

After half an hour of this agony and suspense, an alarm was sounded across the river. This brought out the soldiers who began to exchange shots with the bandits, with our boats between them. I managed to get the boat I was in out of the range of the bullets. The soldiers crossed the river and chased the bandits into the mountains. But before the bandits left they gave a terrific beating to each of the head boatmen, so neither they nor the men under their command would follow. This beating was given over the bare back with the butt end of their guns. You could hear the thud of the crack as it fell mercilessly on the shoulders of the poor boatmen. They could not help but groan, but feared death if they cried out.

The amount of booty stolen was about a thousand pounds and consisted of money, clothes, bedding, lanterns, etc., valued at about three hundred dollars. The next day four of the bandits were captured. These men will be tortured until they reveal the names and hiding places of their

companions, and then they will be beheaded. The Chinese seemed to think it was a wonderful thing that I dared to speak out boldly to the bandits. They said the bandits were afraid of me and my words prevented them from stealing my things.

But to me it was a miraculous deliverance from danger. Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother and the Saints were near, so no harm happened to me. Above all I think it was the many wonderful prayers that good friends in America are continually offering for me, especially the prayers that are daily being offered through Gemma's League. While I thank God, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints for protecting me from robbery, injury, and even death, I am also deeply grateful to those who are praying and have been praying for our Chinese Missions. May God bless them!

The Sidewalks of Shenchowfu

By Father Rupert Langenbacher, C. P.

ONE grows tired even of pleasant occupations, not to mention unpleasant ones. Perhaps my present work may be listed in the latter class. Making out puzzles never was a hobby of mine; and when the puzzle happens to be an unusually intricate one, brain-fog is the usual result of my efforts. The puzzle here hinted at is the original Chinese puzzle, namely, the language of this "Flowery Kingdom."

To understand spoken Chinese is difficult; to speak it is more difficult; and to write or paint it looms up as an impossibility. However, my twelve companions and I are out to do not only the difficult, but the impossible, and strange to say, we are progressing. After a couple of weeks the sounds and characters do not seem insuperable, and some words remain in spite of ourselves. My Chinese name is "Lang Hu Pin," which means, I am told, "Blue Village by the Lake."

One day when suffering from an attack of brain-fog, I looked about for some sort of diversion. To be candid there was little to make any choice. A walk over the mountains might be healthful, but not safe; a chance acquaintance with some Chinese "Captain Kid" might mean loss of time with a still greater loss of money in the form of a ransom. Again, a pony ride might be indulged in, but the only available pony was more fitted for the saw-dust ring than for the perilous paths of Hunan. So I chose about the only thing left—a stroll along the sidewalks of Shenchowfu.

Unlike the sidewalks of New York, those of this city are only miniature affairs. "Broadway" here measures about thirteen feet in width. The pavement consists of large stone slabs. Now please remember I am writing about the main streets, or, as the native calls it, "the big street." To my knowledge there are only two streets, yet the city seems to have a population of three or four hun-



TREADING THE ROCK-STREWN RIVER BANK

HOW ABOUT YOUR INVESTMENT IN THE SPIRITUAL BANK OF CHINA?

ONE OF TODAY'S ENTRIES IN MY DIARY—"I HELPED THE CHINESE MISSIONS."

dred thousand inhabitants. It was on "the big street" that several of us sought diversion one Thursday afternoon.

The street was crowded. It always is. It couldn't be otherwise, for it is the sole thoroughfare in the business district. We had not gone far when we saw a crowd gazing curiously at a small canvas covered stand, where a grotesque little figure, in a gaudy colored costume, was performing very strange antics. Our first thought was it might be some display of devil worship, but Father Dunstan assured us it was merely a Chinese "Punch and Judy" show.

It is the exception rather than the rule for the Chinese to spend much time in amusements. About ninety per cent of the people appear to be merchants; the other ten per cent being still infants. Everyone has something to sell, and the wonder is how they dispose of their goods. The buildings along "Big Street" are very close together, and everyone is a store or an excuse for one. Each has about thirty feet frontage on the street, and almost all of them one story high, but that one does the work of many. We stopped for a moment before one of these condensed "Montgomery Wards" and hastily took an inventory of some of its wares. There were bundles of firewood; cigarettes in abundance; bushels of tiny dried fish; peppers, green and red, an absolute necessity here; bath-tubs, but not of an inviting nature; bunches of dried tobacco leaves; birds in cages; vegetables, and of course the staff of life in China, "yen" or, as we call it, rice. There were almost as many varieties in that store as opinions about the World War.

By contrast the sidewalks of Shenchow reminded us of those in New York. In the later place, the pedestrians are "speeders;" in this city they are "crawlers." As usual, on that afternoon nobody was in a hurry. Every time we stopped to look at some curios on the street stands, the people hedged in around us to see what had aroused our interest. To my surprise, I noted in some of the places articles that hinted at relationship with the States, or aroused my suspicions that in some remote corner was printed the foreign trade mark. Such articles were fancy mirrors, snuff boxes, mouth-organs, clocks and fountain pens.

I am afraid some of our friends in America would die of galloping melancholy, were they to walk through the business district here and note the absolute indifference to the "Pure Food Laws." The Chinese evidently do not believe in the existence of germs. Chunks of meat remain exposed on dirt-cured boards,—a delightful rendezvous for the passing fly, and his name here is "legion." Bean roots, radishes, onions and other vegetables are thoughtfully arranged on the ground, thus assuring the casual chicken of a choice meal. One would just as soon be a stranger

to a healthy appetite than to imagine a single chapter in the autobiography of the food here.

Some of the Chinese parents evidently possess a peculiar brand of simplicity. On the way home that afternoon we saw a mother very unconcernedly giving a little tot its bath right in the open street. Many times the scant coverings worn by the children are excusable because of the dire poverty of the parents. I call them coverings purposely, because their miserable rags could not assume the title of clothes.

Many no doubt are familiar with the story, "Pigs is pigs," but here pigs are princes. The "family pig" is bought when very young and cared for tenderly. Frequently the pig is the family's sole investment. If he waxes fat, they will be well off perhaps for another year. But if he dies or is stolen, the daily menu has to be curtailed. Often the pig is bathed and the tormentors familiar to the beast are removed from his precious skin. The dogs we saw were typical. Wearing a lean hungry look, they peered out of the corner of their eyes as if on the watch to escape an expected cuff or kick. Very seldom one sees a dog wag his tail, an evident sign they are not pampered. Here they lead a dog's life, in the full sense of the word. I mention pigs and dogs, because they are frequently seen on these streets of Shenchowfu.

Sidewalks and streets mean the same thing in this place. It was an interesting diversion for one afternoon, though it may not be a very thrilling subject for a magazine. No doubt when we have partially solved our Chinese puzzle and go out to some one of the missions, we will have experiences to relate that will be worth while. Our work looks gigantic, but with God's aid, we hope to accomplish something. Pray daily that we may do much good for Him and for souls. All the Fathers are well and happy in this home of their adoption.

Gemma's League

During March the following prayers and good works were offered for the Missions and Missionary Priests and Sisters in China.

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	12	Offerings of the Precious Blood	443,000
Masses heard	25,988	Visits to Our Lady	43,692
Holy Communions	15,370	Beads of the Seven Dolours	371,331
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	59,598	Ejaculatory Prayers	8,296,606
Spiritual Communions	506,899	Hours of Study	39,662
Benedictions	9,379	Hours of Labor	76,395
Sacrifices, Sufferings	273,316	Acts of Kindness, Charity	122,650
Stations of the Cross	18,883	Acts of Zeal	1,152,528
Visits to Crucifix	163,709	Prayers	58,294
Beads of Five Wounds	3,015	Various Good Works	709,485
Rosaries	39,028		

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

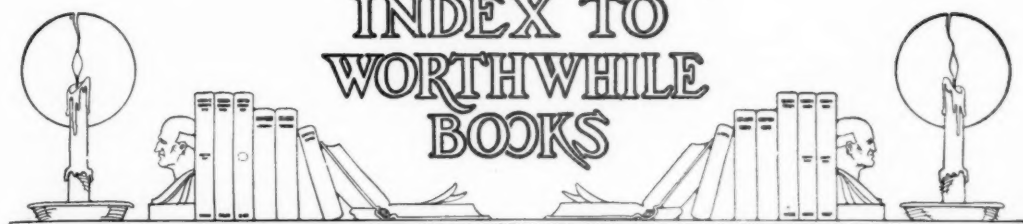
SISTER MARIE CANDIDE
WILLIAM KAISER
BRIDGET KIRBY
TIMOTHY KIRBY
DELLA PRYOR
GEORGIA GULLEN
MRS. ANNA CASSIDY
ARTHUR LAMOND
MRS. ELIZABETH TAAFFE

MRS. IRENE SCHMUDE
JOSEPH BYRNES
ANNA KAISER
JOSEPH CIMINO
LUIGI PEDRAZZANI
JAMES MARTIN
THOMAS HARRISON
MARGARET PRYOR
MARGARET LANG
LOUIS BUEHLE
JAMES J. MULQUEENEY
MRS. BERNARD FRENCH
THOMAS PRYOR
MRS. H. MEDICI
CATHERINE WALSH
MRS. E. O'SHEA
MRS. M. C. GRIFFIN
HELEN P. CROWLEY

MARY E. MAHONEY
EDWARD DOLAN
MRS. ELLEN O'NEILL
MRS. C. HARTMAN
FRANCIS J. NAUGHTON
ESTHER O'ROURKE
ETTA LUETTJEN
M. SERIDGE
MRS. R. MCCARTHY
MRS. ANNA MALLON
MRS. ANNA M. THORPE
MRS. C. HALE
MISS MARY MOEN
LUELLA B. HALPIN
W. H. SHEEHAN
DENNIS F. SHEA
MRS. MARGARET GALLAGHER

MRS. E. MORGAN
ANTHONY OSTERMAN
MRS. GAFFNEY
MARY BURKE
MRS. ROCHE
PATRICK J. LAVIN
ARTHUR O'DONNELL
MRS. E. J. H. AMY
MRS. ABBIE KEALEY
KATE FLANNELLY
MARY E. McLOUGHLIN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

SPIRITISM—FACTS AND FRAUDS. By S. A. Blackmore, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$2.90 net.

Spiritism, in its fact, has a special bearing on Religion and Philosophy. But does Spiritism, because of its frauds, deserve the serious interest of true Religion or sound Philosophy? This, capable persons will have to decide for themselves, while others not so capable must needs take the word of their learned friends, or "leave the matter to a futile future." In some matters, the latter course may, after all, be not so "futile." Many Christians must take a forced interest in Spiritism; the fad is widespread and the subject is often unavoidable. For such Christians Father Blackmore intends his book, to help them converse intelligently on the subject, to assist them in forming clear, sound views of their own in the full light of Spiritism's facts and frauds and in view of what capable men have thought and said of those facts and frauds. Moreover the lesson is conveyed in so pleasing a fashion that the most phlegmatic will find it interesting to be led around to the varying seances from those of the Fox sisters down to the late experiments under the auspices of the 'Scientific American.' And the reader will also find that "there is a delicious humor in the idea of biting a ghost and find it's precious ectoplasm is merely a mouthful of cheese-cloth."

Father Blackmore seems to accept a very broad view of Spiritism, as embracing all psychic and physical phenomena whose intelligent and physical agent is not immediately recognizable. Spiritists have no right to claim all such phenomena as facts of their cult. But grouping them all under Spiritism, no one but rabid materialists will deny the conclusion of the learned Jesuit that many of the 'facts' point to a preternatural agent. The author explains with clearness and interest the various theories of causation: natural and preternatural; "jabberie," spiritism, telepathy, suggestion, fraud, etc. And, of course, if any of these causes can operate outside the seance room, they can operate also in the seance room, the place in which the "facts" of Spiritism are usually confined. However, whether they do or do not operate there is another question.

As for some of the "alleged Genuine Phenomena" given by Father Blackmore, and witnessed to as preternatural by scientific observers, for example, the case of Home's accordion and the materialization of "Katie King"—many good Catholics will be inclined to place them in the chapter of "Spurious Phenomena," without desiring to be classed with the materialist, or fearing the "subversion of all faith in the miraculous and of all belief in human testimony." The "close observer in his scientific labors" is not always the best judge in the matter of Spiritistic Phenomena. Many another medium, besides Mme. Blavatsky, may have regarded the "learned" as her special "flapdoodles." In a matter where even the scientific men find "ninety-eight percent" of trickery, the most competent authorities seem to be trustworthy men skilled in the art of

magic. One of the strongest natural proofs for the genuineness of the miracles performed by Moses and the Apostles is that even the clever magicians were "stumped." And if Our Divine Lord had based His sacred claims on the phenomena of a dancing accordion or a ghostly materialization whose wrist, when clutched once by accident, "crumpled in my grasp like a piece of paper on thin card-board"—Reason would have to rest heavily on Faith, instead of Faith being based on Reason.

Still even in the seance room the devil should "get his due." Altho records of phenomena will still fail to compel some to cry out: "Beelzebub!" yet all sound Christians can see that there are excellent 'behind the scene' advantages for the universal tempter of men; and, Father Blackmore's appeal to the experiences of St. Ignatius and his instructions for the discernment of spirits, is very appropriate. The world is in the Spiritistic Seance—the godless world of course, with its false maxims and advice: the flesh is there,—strong—with thrills and free Love; and there can be little doubt about the devil making the best of his opportunities. To quote the brief but pointed sermon of Father Tabb: "Brethren, the devil is damned—but he is no damned fool." It is in this Ignatian sense that many will accept the statement of G. K. Chesterton; "It is irrational to ignore the view which believes that the truth about Spiritism is a more or less unconscious diabolism."

Spiritism has about as much claim to be a religion as a football dummy has to be a man; but Father Blackmore finds enough to tackle, and for a Catholic his last few chapters will be the most valuable portion of the book as showing more expressly the deep motherly wisdom of the Church's attitude toward the "New Revelation." An eclectic non-Catholic once said that to him religion seemed to be "a man's belief concerning a life beyond." Maybe it is on some such godless definition of a virtue relating directly to the worship of God, that Spiritists base their claim to be called religious. The element of "a life beyond" has indeed a place in the true Religion. One man indubitably came back from that beyond—the God-Man, Jesus Christ. He came back bearing the glorified marks of the torture that sent Him thither, and told us all we need to know of the "life beyond" and what relation the pains and the realities of this present life bear to that life. That Catholics should hold reverently and faithfully and lovingly to Christ's word is a practical answer to the modern complaint that Catholicism is merely a devotion to a dogmatic system, and not to the Personal Savior. Spiritists reject Christ's word, and the result is not a new religion but the ancient "black-to-white" opposite of religion—superstition. Spiritism has given no new and "scientific demonstration of a future life," or of anything else, for that matter.

Father Blackmore has written his book primarily on behalf of true religion, but students of philosophy also find in it much helpful data in deciding what to think

THE † SIGN

of the supposed overthrow of Scholastic criteriology and psychology. Professor James of Harvard had taught that the "facts" of Spiritism proved scientifically the falsity of the old principle: "There's nothing in our minds, but what came through the senses." But Spiritism has proven no new way of getting knowledge. The phenomena of telepathy need be nothing more than variation of the sense of touch susceptible to something like radio activity, and this "feeling that such or such a thing has happened to Johnny" was as well known to the old Scholastics as to modern researchers. It certainly need not be a "mind to mind" transmission, since it is apparently more evident in irrational animals, especially insects. Reasoning men do not trust to such "feelings;" their frequent falsity proves their uncertainty, and the criterion of their truth is always: "and afterwards it was found out to be true." Psychiatrists and other health doctors from the study of Spiritism will rather learn what not to do, than find any positive helps in their work. Scholastic psychology will still hold its place and all dangerous abnormalities be frowned upon.

Bishop Schrembs regards Father Blackmore's book as the most satisfactory work on Spiritism, "a pleasing boon to every Christian;" and "still greater boon to non-Christian men of good-will." The reader will think so himself after a careful perusal of "SPIRITISM—FACTS AND FRAUDS."—C. S.

TALKS TO OUR DAUGHTERS. By Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$1.25 net; De Luxe Edition, Ooze Leather, \$2.00 net.

The Church is abreast of the times. The giant strides made by Catholics in the sphere of higher education is too apparent to warrant argument. The capable men that have passed from the halls of Catholic Colleges to positions of nation importance, is sufficient evidence. But neither do our Catholic men wear their laurels undisputed. Catholic women, with magnificent success, are emulating the splendid achievements of their religious brothers. Of late this new phase of feminine Catholic culture has been remarkably advanced. To stabilize this high standard of education among her daughters, Holy Mother Church has placed truly capable teachers at the young woman's assistance. Our sisterhoods, formerly veiling gems of genius under religious retirement, have broken the barriers of reserve to cope with existing evils. Gifted religious women, armed with the highest degrees of scholarship, stand forth as leaders in the war for pure, respectable, enlightened womanhood.

One such religious woman is Sister M. Eleanore. She justifies her "Talks with Our Daughters" in clear, concise words. "Can we who are her (the young girl's) teachers but make her understand that God is her best friend, a friend who will never fail her, a friend closer and more helpful than her mother, can we but make her realize that the gaining of everything the world offers can be no reason for offending Him in the slightest way, can we but make her know that her most enduring charm is the lily of her purity; can we but make her feel that to be a good woman is for her the highest possible ambition, we shall not have labored in vain."

Besides giving a glimpse of the author's pleasant style, the following passage will further demonstrate the great good to accrue to the young feminine reader. "The quality of any race or people is determined more by its women than by its men. Men dominate in the world of external activities, but emotionally they are influenced by women for good or for evil. . . . In these days when the subtle powers of darkness have been loosed as never before, it is very necessary that the young woman face the light of truth and make her soul so clear and free from evil, that this sunlight of

beauty may shine through her being." "Talks with Our Daughters" might be styled a spiritual treatise in popular dress. Sr. M. Eleanore is eminently fitted to impart such novel, yet necessary truth as contained in "When You Go Up to Calvary," "Your Divine Lover's Perfect Gift to You," "You Play the Game Called Life." The avenues of life to be trod by the maiden are impartially pointed out in "You Stand at the Crossroads."

Stressing her theme of noble womanhood, the author unconsciously offers an adamant apology for the parochial school and its religious teachers—"Every woman is at heart a mother, and her instinct for motherhood needs satisfaction. Without doubt, one of the primary reasons why religious women are such excellent teachers is, that by their inspired sacrifice of the privilege of physical motherhood, they have supernaturalized their mother instinct into a sympathetic, spiritual tenderness towards those intrusted to their care." It is impossible to estimate the salutary effects this little book will produce in circulation. Only by forearming her for the evils that beset her path is the girl of today to prove the salvation of society. "Talks with Our Daughters" will serve as an effective weapon in this moral crusade.

A word of commendation might be said in favor of the general appearance of the little volume. The jacket of solid blue, blending nicely with the artistic design and edging of gold, will appeal to the feminine sense of beauty. The book's rick external is an earnest of the treasure within. It will make a splendid gift, from parent to daughter.—C. C.

CATHERINE. By Sophie Maude. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$1.75 net.

Primarily, this is a novel, the story of a human heart, which, hankering for a hermit's life, seeks—and eventually finds the fulfillment of its desire. A novel,—and yet, more than a novel. For the author's main purpose, it seems, was to introduce the reader to Catherine, Sienna's Saint, that wonderful woman of sublime prayer, who, simple and uneducated though she was, confounded the wisdom of those whom God had set in higher places.

How could the author bring the timid reader to the court of Catherine? "A little child shall lead them." "My Edward, (Angiolo Catherine called him), with his eyes of blue, and hair soft as silk, shimmering with the sheen of finest gold; lithe of limb, his hands dexterous and strong,"—such is the little child that the author would have lead us to the very heart of that simple saintly soul—Catherine of Sienna.

It is the story of a boy, Edward by name, in whose veins ran royal blood—son of the Knight of Chelsea, who finds within his heart a great conflict—a striving for the life of prayer—a hermit's life, and an itching for the lance and sword. A conflict, within his heart—but a greater one within his very home, and soon the little lad learns the reality of the awful truth that man's greatest enemies are those of his own household. Edward's parents having died, leaving him the lawful heir, his sisters would not hear of his embracing a hermit's life and "they did fight and strive for mastery. For if Edward be dead to the world—Godfrey (their cousin) will come, and if Godfrey came, my young dames shall have no more monies and peace of their lives, for Godfrey's wife will enjoy Edward's houses and lands, whilst my dames, dowerless, must get them to a nunnery. Against this will they fight;—they must keep Edward home."

Such is the plot that the author so deftly weaves in words that makes her style magnetic. It is a book thoroughly Catholic in its tone, with a story, both pleasing and instructive, and one, that for the Catholic reader,—will not have been read in vain.—M. T.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

CIRCLES: Blessed Sacrament, \$150; Children of Mary Circle, \$125; Father Godfrey Circle, \$14; Holy Cross Circle, \$50; Holy Family Circle, \$20; The L. L. C. Club, \$7.25; Maria Devota Circle, \$2; Patricia Rose Circle, \$13; Sacred Heart Circle, \$20.96; St. Bertilla Circle \$10; St. Boniface Mission Unit, \$3; St. Cecilia Circle, \$20; St. Margaret's Circle, \$20; St. Michael's Circle, \$82; Vincent Strambi Circle, \$10.

CALIF.: Pasadena, L. M. F., \$10.16.

CONN.: Stratford, M. E. C., \$2.

D. C.: Washington, R. G. H., \$5.

FLA.: Winter Park, N. D., \$1.

ILL.: Charleston, H. N., \$1; Chicago, L. M. H., \$1; L. C. B., \$3; J. L. O., \$2; M. D., \$2; M. A. C., \$1; L. R. S., \$1; A. L., \$2; Anon., \$1; Mattoon, C. R., \$1; Mt. Carmel, A. F., \$11; J. J. P., \$1.

KY.: Louisville, A. H. M., \$1; N. H., \$1.

LA.: New Orleans, C. K., \$5; C. K., \$5.

MASS.: Boston, K. T. O. S., \$52; Brighton, S. S. J., \$25; Brookline, M. O. S., \$1; Dorchester, E. B., \$5; Haverhill, H. K., \$1; Holyoke, M. G., \$1; Lowell, J. E. S., \$1.35; Needham, M. C., \$5; Needham Heights, \$10.28; Rockland, L. A. F., \$1; Roxbury, M. S., \$8.30; Winthrop, F. M., \$5.

MO.: Pine Lawn, J. T., \$1; R. P., \$1; St. Louis, G. G., \$10; M. & M. H., \$25.

N. J.: Audubon, N. W., \$1; Bayonne, A. A., \$2; Bloomfield, E. R., \$5; Convent, R. D., \$2; East Orange, M. J. P., \$1.34; M. & M. F., \$1; Anon., \$1; A. M., \$5; F. A. R., \$5; Elizabeth, J. M. T., \$5.20; J. B., \$1; M. R. M., \$5; Elizabeth Port, W. N., \$100; Englewood, R. R. D. P., \$1; Grantwood, M. S., \$5; Harrison, A. M. M., \$5.60; Hilton, R. F. G., \$5; Hoboken, A. B., \$2; J. C., \$5; Anon., \$1; D. H., \$2.95; K. H., \$1; R. G., \$1.70; Irvington, M. E. H., \$3; Jersey City, W. E. H., \$4; J. A. S., \$1; M. A., \$5.20; S. B., \$10; B. H., \$1; J. J. C., \$5; C. M., \$2; M. M. G., \$2; B. O. M., \$2; M. D., \$2; M. K., \$5; M. S. K., \$1; A. M., \$1; Long Branch, G. D., \$1; Newark, M. B., \$14; A. L., \$3.50; A. E. K., \$1.25; F. G., \$5; C. B., \$1; S. M. C., \$1; M. K., \$5; A. F., \$1; A. P., \$1; W. W. J., \$1; M. A. N., \$1.40; L. R., \$1; C. B. K., \$1; C. K., \$1; M. M. H., \$1.75; Anon., \$15; M. C. S., \$10; A. V. B., \$5; New Brunswick, M. J. W., \$1; Nutley, N. C., \$1; Orange, B. L., \$1; M. H., \$1; Paterson, W. C., \$1; R. B., \$1; G. H., \$1; M. B., \$1; M. C., \$1; M. M. M., \$1; M. D., \$1; E. N., \$1; Princeton, H. A. D., \$5; Ridgewood, M. D. L. C., \$1; A. M., \$10.70; P. L. P., \$1; Roselle Park, G. V. D., \$1; South Orange, T. S. B., \$1; Weehawken, M. M. S., \$1; Anon., \$5; West Fort Lee, M. A. L., \$2; West Hoboken, Friend, \$2; L. V. J., \$1; G. H., \$2; Anon., \$10; Anon., \$1.52; M. G., \$5; W. G., \$5; J. S., \$1; L. E. V., \$5.

N. Y.: Albany, M. M., \$2; J. F. C., \$1; Anocher, R. L., \$1; Armenia, J. B. M., \$5; Astoria, K. & E. K., \$1; Beechurst, N. S., \$1; Brooklyn, L. M., \$1; M. M., \$1; J. W., \$10; M. M. K., \$1; C. D. K., \$10; M. N., \$1; W. A. C., \$5; J. B. F., \$9; J. W. O. T., \$10; A. L., \$1; G. R., \$1; P. C., \$5; C. H., \$5; M. C. M., \$3; F. X. B., \$3; J. C., \$2; W. J. D., \$1; M. A. C., \$1; W. E. P., \$1; M. J. F., \$5; A. C. A., \$10; C. J. K., \$3; J. T. L., \$1; D. J. R., \$6.75; A. & D. B., \$5; L. G. A., \$3; T. L., \$1; P. M., \$1; M. R. C., \$5; P. S., \$1; Brightwaters, A. M. F., \$1.50; Bronxville, C. D., \$3; C. L., \$20; Corona, R. K., \$1; Dunkirk, K. I. K., \$5; B. J. S., \$3; M. A. K., \$1; Anon., \$2; H. M. W., \$1; D. S., \$1; A. L. H., \$1; Elmhurst, A. M., \$10; Long Island City, T. F. M., \$6; E. F., \$1; F. W., \$1; Mt. Loretto, F. B., \$2; New York City, C. L. Q., \$5; J. W., \$4.70; M. R., \$5; M. F., \$3; T. M. M., \$3; M. A., \$5; W. D., \$1; C. M., \$1; M. M., \$1; E. S., \$1; J. M., \$1.04; K. A. T., \$3; P. K., \$10; L. A. A., \$10; M. T. C., \$10; R. M. A., \$11; M. P. S., \$5; M. E. H., \$10; R. M. K., \$2; M. M. B., \$5; M. O. B., \$3; M. L., \$2; B. H., \$2; S. O. H., \$1; J. E. O. B., \$2; J. P., \$1; M. B., \$5; M. S., \$2; A. G., \$1; L. E. B., \$1; A. E. C., \$5; M. J. B., \$1; M. A. B., \$5; J. S. J., \$2.40; M. E., \$10.50; T. M. D., \$10; M. P. M., \$1; L. M., \$1.68; M. T., \$10.50; D. M., \$5.30; M. B., \$1; A. M. M., \$1; J. M. L., \$14; J. W. C., \$5; M. J. H., \$1; G. J. M., \$5; A. T. G., \$2; Niagara Falls, W. M., \$1; Port Richmond, A. S., \$1; Poughkeepsie, F. P. W., \$1; M. J. D., \$1; Rochester, N. H. R., \$6; Richmond Hill, H. F. B., \$5; P. H., \$1; Saranac Lake, A. C., \$5; J. A. W., \$1; Schenectady, G. H. P., \$1; J. P. H., \$2; Yonkers, A. J. C., \$3; West Brighton, A. T., \$8.51; A. T., \$1; OHIO: Arondale, M. & J. D., \$1; Cincinnati, S. K., \$2; M. H., \$1; C. K., \$1; Hamilton, A. T. S., \$100; Mount Saint Joseph's, S. O. C., \$1.25.

PA.: Avalon, G. H. H., \$1; Carbondale, J. J. M., \$1; Etna, M. F., \$5; Greensburg, R. S. S., \$1; Knoxville, W. H., \$5; Mayne, E. F. F., \$1; Midland, H. C., \$1; Philadelphia, J. C., \$2; E. S., \$2; J. I. M., \$1; M. A., \$1; C. N., \$10; M. S. C., \$5.10; S. M. J., \$7; H. M. W., \$1; A. K., \$2; Pittsburgh, T. F. F., \$1; J. F. S., \$2; M. C. G., \$5; E. H. D., \$1; J. L., \$1; M. N., \$1.10; C. F. L., \$5; S. M. P., \$2.10; M. S. H., \$5; J. P. L., \$1; T. A., \$1.14; M. M., \$2; A. M., \$1; E. M., \$5; H. G., \$1; M. F., \$1.18; S. M. C., \$24; J. C. H., \$1; M. A. W., \$1; J. I. W., \$2; W. M. J., \$5; S. M. R., \$1.50; M. Q., \$1; A. C. K., \$3; C. W., \$2; M. J. R., \$100; J. M. M., \$1; M. J. S., \$1; Scranton, A. A. M., \$1; M. C., \$5; E. W., \$5; E. M., \$2; F. M. B., \$5; F. G. O. C., \$3; Swissvale, M. M. N., \$1; A. E. N., \$1; West Philadelphia, N. L., \$2.

In thanksgiving for the granting of a special favor, two friends have given \$500. for a chapel to be dedicated to the Holy Family. We feel quite certain that among our Readers there are others who are both able and willing to build chapels. The sum of \$500. will build a chapel; and an additional \$500. will furnish it with altars, benches, etc. Hence \$1000. will build and furnish a small house for God! What a fitting memorial to a deceased friend or relative. What a consolation for the donor to know that through his or her generosity another chapel—another station for the dispensing of Christ's Mysteries—has been established! The required sum may be given in installments, in amounts to suit one's own convenience.

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling." (3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDoubtedly, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memoria! in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity	\$200.00
Sacred Heart.....	\$400.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$250.00
St. Michael.....	\$165.00
St. Joseph.....	\$209.00
St. Patrick.....	\$175.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$200.00
St. Gabriel.....	\$189.00
St. Rita	\$110.00
Little Flower.....	\$230.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$10,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$5,987.74

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of **THE SIGN**
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them

A MITE BOX WILL HOLD ANY KIND OF MONEY. WHEN IT IS FILLED, BREAK IT OPEN AND SEND US THE CONTENTS IN CHECK OR MONEY-ORDER OR CASH.

you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.
Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box

Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name:

Address:

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.
At Close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds	\$2,356,988.08
Mortgages	1,391,291.55
Loans and Bills Purchased.....	709,347.96
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand and	
Due from Banks.....	280,931.72
Accrued Interest.....	36,120.51

\$4,859,922.04

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	189,565.78
Deposits	4,370,356.26

\$4,859,922.04

Trust Funds are kept separate from the
assets of the Company

**A
Banking
House
of Merit**

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

OUR representative has called at
the Brunswick Laundry, 220
Tonnele Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection
of the Largest Laundry in America. He
was astonished to find cleanliness and
sanitation brought to perfection, he has
found over 600 Employees, cheerful,
healthy and satisfied with their jobs,
their pay and their employers. Patrons
are always invited to visit this large
plant and see for themselves the process
of washing and ironing. The Brun-
swick Laundry's policy has always been
fair play to all employees and custom-
ers. We gladly recommend this firm
to our readers.

Benziger Brothers Spring Publications
NOW READY

Our First Communion. Instructions in Story Form with
Colored Drawings accompanying text according to Modern Edu-
cational Methods. By Rev. William R. Kelly. With 36 illustra-
tions, 18 in colors. Retail, \$0.25.

Student's Edition. New Missal for Every Day. By Rev. F.
N. Lasance. With supplement by Rev. William B. Kelly entitled
"Read Mass with the Priest. An Exposition of the Simple
Character of the Missal." Retail, \$1.75.

Catholic Customs and Symbols. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T.
Henry, Litt. D. An exposition of various beauties of the Church.
Net, \$1.90. Postage 15 cents.

Autobiography Of An Old Breviary. By Herman J. Heuser,
D.D. The Breviary tells its own story. Net, \$1.75. Postage 15
cents.

Talks With Our Daughters. By Sister M. Eleanore, C.S.C.,
Ph.D. Heart-to-heart chats with the girl in the world. Net,
\$1.25. Postage 10 cents.

Thy Kingdom Come. Series II. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. More
salutary thoughts for idle moments. Net, \$0.30. Postage 5 cents.

Talks With Teachers. By Sister Marie Paula, Ph.D. Practical
suggestions for self-improvement. Net, \$1.50. Postage 10 cents.

Sodality Conferences. Second Series. By Rev. Edward F.
Garesche, S.J. Many rules are explained which have never be-
fore been treated. Net, \$2.75. Postage 15 cents.

Six One-Act Plays. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. Catholic
plays that have been successfully produced. Net, \$1.75. Postage
15 cents.

The Villa By The Sea. By Isabel C. Clarke. A magnificent
portrayal of a woman without conscience. Net, \$2.00. Postage
15 cents.

Boy. The Story of Missy's Brother. By Inez Specking.
Another delightful study of Young Catholic America. Net, \$1.25.
Postage 10 cents.

Mary Rose, Sophomore. By Mary Mabel Wirries. New ad-
ventures of that light-hearted, lovable girl at St. Angela's. Net,
\$1.00. Postage 10 cents.

Established 1792

BENZIGER BROTHERS
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
Studio and Works: BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A Stone's Throw

HAVE you ever been told that a place you were seeking was 'A stone's throw' further? If you have, you will probably recall what a long distance 'A stone's throw' meant!

WE are still 'A stone's throw' from the realization of our desire to erect that Orphanage in Shenchowfu, Hunan, China.

TEN thousand dollars are necessary for this much needed building. But we are still a long distance from that amount—A stone's throw!

WE appealed to our readers to help us build Our Lady's Orphanage. In the December number of THE SIGN we asked each of our subscribers to send us 14c. If each one had responded we would have realized the full sum of money needed. Perhaps you are one who has overlooked this little request.

IF God has been good to you and your family why not make a little sacrifice to show your gratitude. There are some who will read these lines, who could well afford \$14.00. There are still others who could readily sacrifice a hundred times \$14.00.

WHY not do good now? Carry out your resolution to do some good now while you can see the fruits of your sacrifice.

DRAW your check payable to: The Passionist Missionaries. The Lord will bless you and yours for your sacrifice.

Please address your donation to:—

THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES

Care of THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

